

The TATLER

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London
June 28, 1939



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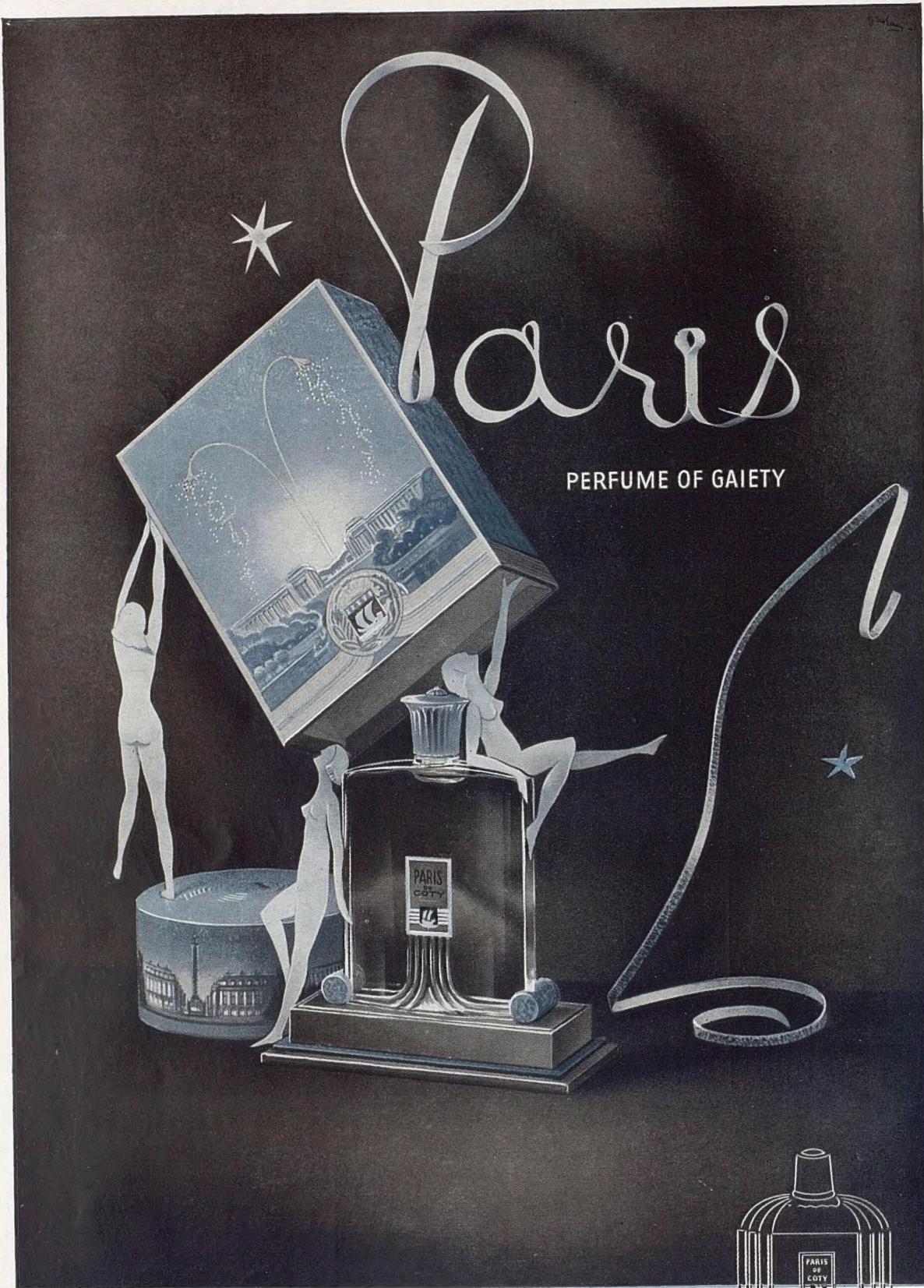
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The TATLER



Vol. CLII. No. 1983. London, June 28, 1939



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Dorothy Wilding

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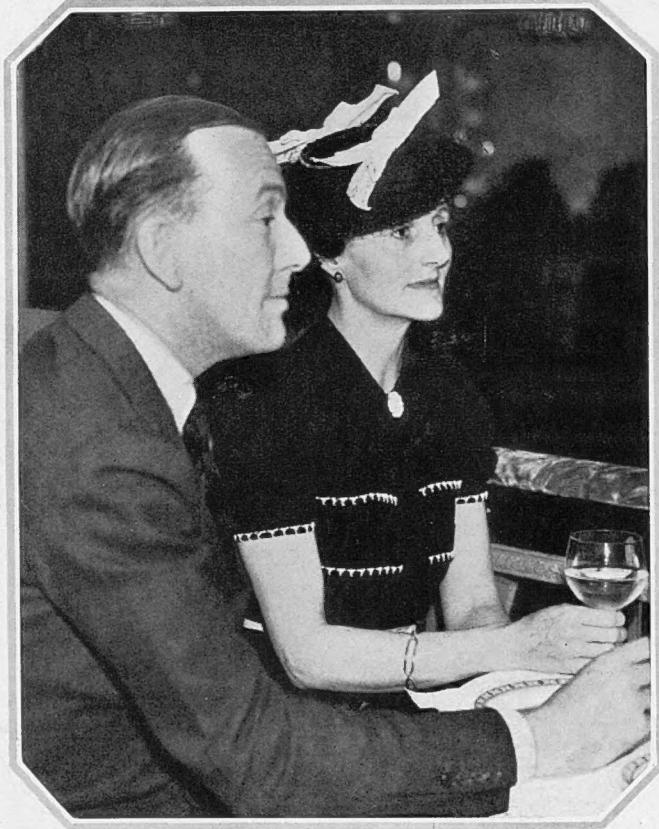
And the World Said—



FOUR AT A SITTING AFTER DARK

Lord Burghley, Lord George Scott, his sister, Lady Burghley and Lady George Scott discuss events of the moment across a Café de Paris supper table. Quite possibly one subject of conversation was the final of the Inter-Regimental, the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother being in the victorious 10th Hussars. Lord Burghley, Lord Exeter's elder son, M.P. for Peterborough and formerly one of England's most renowned athletes, is nowadays President of the A.A.A. and Chairman of the British Olympic Council

LAST week in Paris, while a London paper was running a controversy entitled "Should Husbands Read Their Wives' Letters," some thirty-seven letters, written by Napoleon to his sister Pauline Borghèse, were sold by auction. The Emperor's comments on his *affaire* with a cold, Italian blonde, Madame de Mathis, are all the more touching because their sentiments have not dated. He asked his sister if Madame de Mathis is "likely to again become kind and less capricious"; adding "All this tires me." "I need happiness." So blondes were ever tough. Most men apparently yearn for that negative happiness which follows the peace and quiet of emotional stagnation. They do not want to be great lovers (which reminds me that half a horse called Casanova has been bought by Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright to race at Deauville), or play any rôle more compromising than the gay dog. It would seem that the whole male sex was rocked in the cradle to Lucy Ashton's song, the cooing "Easy live and quiet die," or as Mr. Cole Porter puts it, a hundred and twenty very odd years after Sir Walter Scott—"Gentlemen Don't Like Love." The trouble is that ladies do. However capable and sweetly reasonable a woman may be, she does not, generally speaking, remain so when choosing a husband, or stringing a *beau*. Truth in this connexion is even stranger than the introspective, emotionally overcharged fiction of the great Proust, the two Powys (remember J.C.'s extraordinary masterpiece *The Glastonbury Romance*?) and Miss Rosamond Lehmann, who are all by way



THE LISTENERS

Noel Coward, with Joyce Carey as companion, listens intently from his balcony table at the Café de Paris to Beatrice Lillie singing "Wearily of it all" and "A marvellous party," the songs he wrote specially for her and which are bound to feature by request many times at this niterie during the next few weeks, for "Bea" tops the bill there till it closes down for August. The huge London success of *Design for Living* should make Noel Coward, who so easily registers diffidence, feel good

Harlip
LADY ANNE HOPE

The eldest daughter of the Viceroy of India and Lady Linlithgow, whose engagement to Lieutenant Patrick Henry James Southby, R.N., younger son of Commander Sir Archibald and Lady Southby, has just been made public. A few days earlier Lady Anne was in the news as an appendicitis victim but she is making a good recovery, and has a mass of congratulatory letters to help keep her amused. The wedding is to take place in India in November. Lieutenant Southby's father, Squire of Burford Priory, Oxon, represents Epsom in the House of Commons

of knowing infinitely more about the Life Force than Mr. Bernard Shaw, who christened it. Actually the Sage of Malvern, though guilty of making many female characters do nothing but tub-thump, goes very near the whole secret of Eve with some of his spirited, predatory eagles in dove's feathers. The woman of today, like the woman of yesterday (there never having been a modern girl outside the newspapers), is the eternal huntress, not necessarily "chaste and fair," but normally a bossy doll who appreciates nothing as much as being bossed back. Yet, as Mr. "Freddie" Fox observed at a pre-Ascot garden party *apropos* of the hats around us.

"Women are not nearly so contrary as horses." In Nigeria the black but comely Unwana Women's Council has faced the District Officer with fifteen written laws which they wish him to enforce. Only three are printable. The twelfth reads, "If two ladies fight, each should have on her native drawlers, and if one has not the other must give her time to prepare." The last, "If a husband is sick, no woman should leave him to marry another man,—she can do so after his recovery." Sounds suspiciously like fair play.

* * *

There is to be an outstanding play pay-party in a big London house with a roof garden on Wednesday, July 19. This is organized by the Ladies' Polo Association of Great Britain and Ireland, under the president, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay; the vice-president, Lady Priscilla Aird (Willoughby that was); the honorary treasurer, Miss Flavia Phillips (a Warwickshire well-known) and the temporary honorary secretary, Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, thanks to whose brother, George, the drummer and chief floodlighter (*quel titre!*) of the Footlights, the whole May Week Show and Footlights Band from Cambridge has promised to swing it. The projected cabaret reads like a Command Performance programme; and the hostesses will include polo-playing amazons from the Ferne Club in Dorset. The West Country massed in force at the Royal Counties Show at Plymouth, where Sir William and Lady Dupree entertained in the president's box from which the view is worthy of Dame Laura's brush, with the show-ground in the fore-ground and, above its various tents, the masts of shipping moving up and down the harbour. Lady Loder, who was winning with her Dexter cattle, came all the way from Leonard-slee, their place near Horsham. Lord Stavordale looked at the horse ring, where a four-year-old, which he bred, was in the money, having already been successful at the Bath and West and at the Devon County Shows. And my agent congratulated Mrs. Howard Mander on two firsts in the shown-in-hand classes. Topics in those parts include the

engagement of Geoffrey Fane, of Bath and Burma to Major-General J. S. Gallie's daughter, Beatrice, of Winfrith, Dorset, and the persistent Wiltshire-Berkshire rumour that the elder son of a very rich landowner is courting the eldest of the three daughters of a former



CHRISTENING PARTY

Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas "At Home" at 19 Albion Street, with their daughter after this very young lady, their first child, had been well and truly named Susan. Lord Cecil Douglas is the only brother of Lord Queensberry

Fayer
ENGAGED

Miss Hope Madden, third daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles Madden, and her fiancé, Mr. John H. B. Batten, the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Batten and Mrs. Hope Johnstone. Their engagement was announced early in June, and they are to be married on the 27th of next month at the Oratory, Brompton

Edinburgh was on genteel tip-toe, as it always is on these occasions, Lady Angela, who was running Gosford Guest House, wrote, "Why not make this your headquarters in Hollywood week?" Maybe you have to know both Princes Street and Sunset Boulevard to relish this transposition to the full. Her new son-in-law is even more of an eighteenth-century figure than Sir "Archie" of the mannered speechifying; indeed, "Sandy" Seton's velvet doublets and lace ruffles—plus his profile—are the admiration of the Highland ball-dancing *côterie*. He is a passionate Jacobite. The first Lady Seton was Miss Zeyla Sanderson, the Aubrey Beardsley-looking daughter of one of Edinburgh's nicest older couples. Brother, Bruce Seton, has done himself well in films since leaving the 73rd, as has cousin-by-marriage "Michael Brooke" on going to the executive side, which wise move he forecast last Christmas when



MISS ENID RAPHAEL AND LADY ELEANOR SMITH

Two of the many socialites who attended the opening of the Dorchester Buttery, an important addition to London's quick-service "eateries," so popular in these high-speed days. Lady Eleanor Smith, novelist sister of Lord Birkenhead, undoubtedly owes her very large public a successor to "Spanish House," which followed her "Portrait of a Lady"

And the World said—*continued*

we were sitting in his little back garden at Bel-Air, or Beverly Hills, or one of those interminable residential districts in the Los Angeles hemisphere which J. B. Priestley called "Six suburbs in search of a city."

* * *

A young girl whose engagement would not be a surprise because, sweet and unusual looking, she has steady admirers, is Miss Mary Rose Charteris, whose middle married sister, Lady Long, still believes in toy hats and accordingly wore them at Ascot, where Lady Kemsley also essayed one, or maybe it was two, large roses above the eyebrow, and left the rest to air. She was lurching in the Marlborough Club tent (where Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, very feminine in pearly greys, shared the inevitable cold salmon, cold chicken and not so hot potatoes, with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates) accompanied by her striking débutante daughter Gullane. Of *les épatantes jeune filles* she is one of the handsomest, while Miss Pauline Winn, Lady Baillie's elder heiress daughter, is the most amazingly unspoilt and simple, with a lively little face of that cute, expressive type more often seen in America and the Dominions. She too lunched at the Marlborough, with gaily jewelled racehorse clips on her lapel and stately Mrs. Pitt (who was the music hall artiste "Gwenie" Brogden, a great friend of her aunt, Miss Dorothy Paget) as chaperon. Another girl who seemed to be enjoying herself, rather shyly, was dark Miss Rosamond Fellowes who cannot find it easy to be the daughter of a great beauty, wit and fashion leader. A débutante whose evident enjoyment of every second warmed the heart, if not the rest of the beholder, was Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill. With her tiny, carefully modelled features, bright skin and alert expression, she may, given a little more age and assurance, turn into a leading beauty. Incidentally, the Duchess of Marlborough has impressed on all her daughters the importance of being able to play good bridge. The prettiest dress at this dreary Ascot, which I am sure we all want to forget, was worn by a young girl, last year's débutante, Miss Evangela Del Sandys, of Graythwaite. Simply cut, with a smocked waist and a full short skirt, it had sweet nothings written all over the cream silk in French with a lead-coloured pencil, and the wearer was having such a lovely time, quietly beaming with delight, which is the way little rich girls should be, yet so often they are poor in humour, manners, and sense of life. Lady Buckland's débutante looked happy too, as well she might with such a nice married sister—Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones—to pair with in the paddock, where the only two French members of White's, the Marquis de Saint-Sauveur and Comte André de Limur, conferred with Lord Hardwicke who commutes regularly to Paris, for weekend racing. He is among the best-dressed younger peers, and this was a man's Ascot, because the cold, grey weather, when women had prepared for a heat-wave, brought out all that is most unbecoming, from tippets to disappointment. I give my wavering palm to Miss "Sally" Banbury for wearing a turquoise dress of heavy silk and matching woollen coat which, with her natural ochre sunburn and an upturned saucy saucer of a black hat, made her look more than the quarter Spanish she actually is. Her serious-minded brother, Lord Banbury, has taken a job of work at the Conservative headquarters at Fulham, Mr. "Bill" Astor's constituency. Mr. Michael Weaver, who is nursing Workington, as a left-wing Conservative, went to Ascot with another intelligent, Michael, Lord Morris, whose decorative wife (Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton) has been ordered a long rural holiday, which depresses her London friends, but she was able to put in an appearance at Miss June Weaver's coming-of-age cocktail party which brought youth and clamour to the Ritz at what is usually its zero hour. Others enjoying this celebration in the Marie Antoinette Room were Mrs. "Bertie" Stern and

daughter Barbara, who recently moved into a new Park Street house; Miss Betty Harbord, whose sister, Primrose, marries Mr. Edward d'Abo tomorrow; popular Miss Cynthia Toulmin; Miss Eileen Watson, whose half-sister Aurea was a recent bride; Miss Diana Barnato; Mr. Evelyn Broughton and Messrs. "Paddy" Green and Roger Bushell who are both members of the famous "601 Squadron."

* * *

Another big cocktail party was given at Chesterfield House by Captain and Mrs. George Repton, who were also hosts at the Guards' Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead. Confirmed Monte Carlo annuals, they collected numerous Rivieraites at their flat, including Lady de Frece (who was looking Tilley-trim at Ascot); Lord and Lady Louth and her son, Sir John Prichard-Jones; "Doris Delightful" (Lady Orr-Lewis's Riviera nickname) and the Paris Singers. Lord Feilding was there, and Hugh Smythe whose birthday it happened to be, and the new Mrs. Cecil Pim, very handsome in her Scandinavian way, dressed in several rhododendron shades. An original party, and at night, is being planned by popular Daphne Kingsmill and her husband "Jack" Purbrick at their house in Chiswick on July 12, the same night as "Xenia" Littlejohn Cook's Continental Supper Party at 20, Upper Grosvenor Street, in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital. The chic and energetic Duchess of Buccleuch is the president of this sure-to-be-amusing and comparatively *intime* evening. If you want to be in on this telephone Western 4740 for vouchers. After the middle of July many people are planning to go abroad, Hitler permitting. It may interest them to know that the Swiss National Golf Championship (male and female) is at St. Moritz on August 20, while lawn tennis tournaments fill the bill there from the end of July to the middle of August. Deauville racing begins on July 9, and there are several big golf fixtures that month as well, more this year than at Le Touquet. Monte Carlo's nautical week, with water-skiing, outboard racing and other splashes, is dated August 7-13, under the patronage of Prince Louis of Monaco, with "Commodore" d'Arcy Rutherford at the waterworks. Biarritz appears to have finally picked on Jean Borotra, and not his brother-in-law, to run Chiberta, the most attractive country club this side of Long Island. A handsome Biarritz native, Miss "Rosie" O'Malley-Keyes, now Madame Jean Labrouche, has gone on her honeymoon in radiant spirits, and two Biarritz annuals, the Misses Georgina and Anne Wakefield-Saunders, were wearing by far the cutest sister hats at Ascot, shaped like baskets belonging to Dresden shepherdesses, brimming over with prettily-chosen flowers. At Aix-les-Bains, Leslie, Lady Doverdale, who has taken a house at Eze for August, found herself among the youngest of those

who did cures as early as June. At Montecattini, the little spa near Florence, where the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Rex Benson rested at the end of last July, Mr. "Bill" Burton, the socialite Cannes artist, Mr. Somerset Maugham and General Pierre Polotoff (whose artist wife has just completed a portrait of that royal charmer, Prince Andrew of Greece) have been representing mature Riviera talent. The General's specific gift lies in making those who have paid to play games of chance in the Sporting Club, feel that losing money there is a privilege. He has a grand ducal memory, cavalry moustaches and a sweet disposition.

* * *

Wedding bells.—The Palm Beach hostess, Mrs. Charles H. ("Audrey") Chadwick, of Villa Today, who has many friends in London and Paris, was recently married to Colonel Le Ray Berdeau in New York, and they are honeymooning at her modernistic Antibes house—"Villa Aujourd'hui."

Christening cake.—Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas gave a cocktail party at their house in Tyburnia after the christening of Susan Douglas, at which so many wellknowns turned up that it became necessary to "line up" to see the bonny heroine, who laid in her cradle quite unperturbed.



LORD LONDONDERRY AND LADY HALIFAX

A snapshot at the 1900 Club dinner held at Grosvenor House last week, when, following their annual custom of paying tribute to the outstanding political figure of the year, the club entertained Lord Halifax, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as principal guest. Lord Londonderry presided

More pictures of this event in next week's issue



THANK YOU FOR YOUR WELCOME HOME!

Our pictures show their Majesties the King and Queen on the balcony of Buckingham Palace immediately after their return home, and a section of the huge and enthusiastic crowd that welcomed them. No form of words is adequate to describe the national enthusiasm displayed when London welcomed back the Sovereign of the Realm and his gracious Queen. The great note was one of a passionate personal affection. As has been truly said the King and Queen have only been away from home during the very short time when they were in the United States, for they have been with their own great family at all other moments. That is what Canada felt: that is what the whole Empire knew. Coupled with the feelings of joy and pride in a great achievement was one of thankfulness that their historic journey's end had been reached in safety. The whole nation was fully aware of the only too patent risks, and the sigh of relief that has gone up is indeed heartfelt all over the British Empire. Their Majesties made a second balcony appearance towards 9 p.m., possibly the answer to insistent singing by a happy, laughing, crowd of "We won't go home till mor-morn, until we've seen the King."



THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR US

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Should This Be Shown?

EVERY nearly didn't see *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* at the Warner, largely because I don't believe in nagging servants! If you have a cook who ruins everything she sends to table, you either put up with burnt offerings or you take your courage in one hand and a month's wages in the other and confront the wretch with whatever is the cook-discharging formula. What you do *not* do, in my opinion, is to descend into the bowels of the earth, harangue the woman, and go on sitting down to uneatable messes. Similarly, in international affairs, I was never able to approve of Mr. Gladstone in his famous Atrocities Campaign. In my view either you said to a country committing the atrocities: "This must stop!" being prepared, if you were not heeded, to take such measures as would effectively put an end to the atrocities. Or else you said nothing about them. I can never see that there is much use in girding at a country with which your relations are nominally friendly. I suppose that I could be as indignant as anybody over the horrors of Nazi concentration camps. At the same time I see no point in publishing violent diatribes against the Nazi mentality, if at the same time you are prepared to tolerate on your hoardings invitation and encouragement to spend your holidays at Baden-Baden. If you think a country is black at heart, you should, I think, leave its Black Forest alone! There is, of course, the question of arousing world opinion, in which case it seems to me that the pulpit and the lecture platform are the proper rostrums and that the entertainment stage is improper. I do not like mixing up moral indignation with box office, and I am not prepared to believe that the paramount consideration is not box office.

Let me in support of the foregoing quote a sentence or two from Miss Lejeune. Writing of this same American film, my brilliant colleague had the following:

"From the beginning the Warners anticipated trouble over the production of this picture. They were right, they got it.

"The first announcement of the title brought protests from German representatives in Washington and California. Anonymous letters threatened them with every reprisal from bombing to boycotting. . . . They were also prepared for formal protests from European Governments, Great Britain included, against the general distribution of the picture. It must have surprised them when the British Board of Film Censors, which refused to give a certificate to *The King of Kings*, and struck out the final word of the title *Merrily We Go To Hell*, simply gave the film a blanket U certificate and let it go through." And again: "There will undoubtedly be questions asked, and representations made, about the advisability of showing this film in this country."

I foresaw that this film would be what it now turns out to be—the greatest slap in the face ever offered by one nation nominally at peace with another. The slap, of course, is administered by the country which made the film, though it seems to me that exhibiting a film bears the same relation to the making of that film that firing a gun bears to the making of the bullet. I suppose a good deal depends on exactly what one means by "at peace." In the old days for two countries to be at peace with one another was the same thing as dwelling in amity with one another. Today that is mere pretence. The democracies are at peace with the totalitarian states. Good! But that is not to say they are dwelling in intellectual and spiritual amity with them.

As I say, I decided to avoid this film, perhaps wrongly. Sitting at another, which shall be nameless, I suddenly decided that hyper-niceties of international feeling are nothing in comparison with the deluge of imbecility on which I was proposing to descend. I was lucky to arrive at the Warner in time, for the last seat in the house and the beginning of the picture. That *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is one of the most exciting films I have ever seen is not the point. It is much nearer the point that, in its exposure of a systematized attempt to undermine a friendly nation by treachery with the ultimate intention of subjugating it by force, it is documented with maximum accuracy. One does not feel that invention or lying or any kind of exaggeration has been impressed into the making of this film. As Nazi machinations have been seen, so they are set forth. But that is not enough. This film



DOROTHY LAMOUR, PARAMOUNT STAR NUMBER ONE

After an absence from pictures for quite a time—some months—Dorothy Lamour now has two films on hand. *Man About Town*, which she has almost finished, will be the first to be seen over here. On completion of that she starts making *Disputed Passage* with John Howard and Akim Tamiroff as her two leading men. Her many "fans" will note with pleasure that she has quite given up her "jungly" type of picture

voices the detestation and loathing felt by those who hold democratic ideals for Nazi ideals. What the film does not underline sufficiently plainly is that Nazi ideals are to those who hold them ideals, and not the hypercritical emanations of thugs who do not pretend to be anything else. There is a case for this monstrous Frankenstein which has risen in Germany, the case being that Nazihood was the creation in the first place not of the German people but of the democracies. Had this film been a work of art instead of an indictment, it must have put this point of view.

But this film is not a work of art, and it is significant that its nearest approach to that condition is that part of it which shows one or two decent Germans rebelling against the imposition of an ideal of force which they cannot share. And then I think the whole film topples by the casting of Mr. Edward G. Robinson. Nobody can exceed my admiration for this very slick and amusing actor. I have seldom enjoyed a piece of film acting more than his performance in *A Slight Case of Murder*. But the gravamen of the present film is something more than a slight case of mistaken idealism. In short, I consider the choice of a popular actor to drive this film home was wrong. Entertainment is the last thing we should be conscious of in connexion with this subject. And entertainment is the first thing we are conscious of in connexion with Mr. Robinson. On the other hand, the nameless actor who played Göbbels was doubly impressive, first in his own right and secondly because nobody knows who he is!

* * *

The latest Paramount British picture *This Man in Paris* is to have its world première tonight at the Plaza Cinema. This is a sequel to the enormously successful picture *This Man is News*. This new production comes from the Denham Studios and was directed by David Macdonald. Barry K. Barnes and Valerie Hobson head the impressive array of British stars, and other well-known names featuring are those of Alastair Sim, Mona Gaya, Steve Gerai, and many others too numerous to mention.

THE ENCÆNIA—
AT OXFORD



SIR EDWARD LUTYENS AND THE DUKE OF ALBA AT THE MAGDALEN GARDEN PARTY



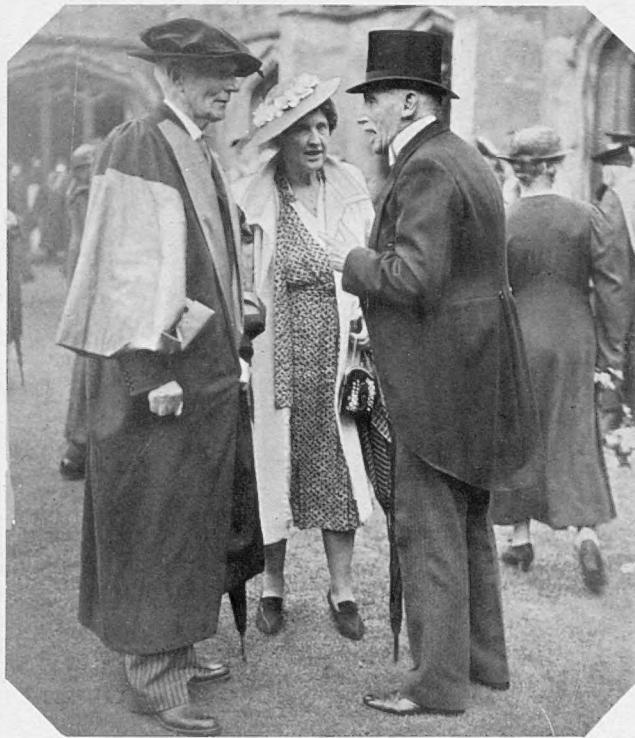
LORD AND LADY LOTHIAN



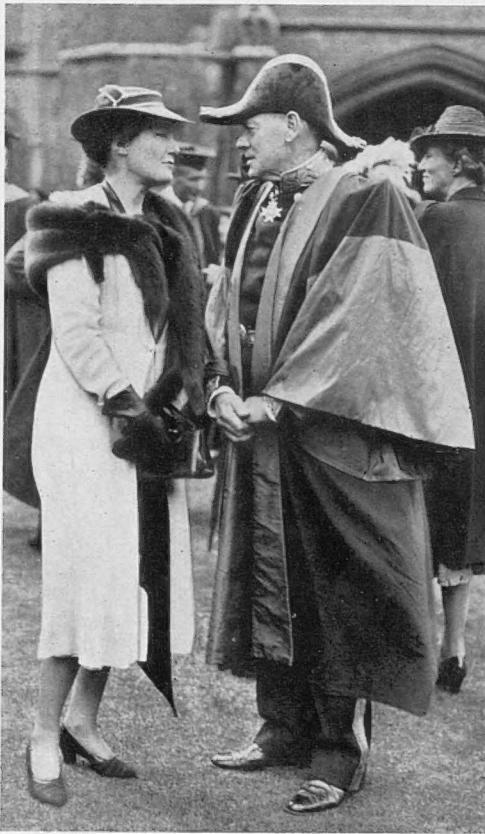
MISS JANET GORDON, DAUGHTER OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR AND DR. HOLMES DUDDON



H. E. TAI CHI QUO AND THE WARDEN OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, DR. W. T. S. ADAMS



MR. H. A. L. FISHER (WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE)
LADY HOULDSWORTH AND SIR ALBAN YOUNG



LADY CLEMENTI AND ADMIRAL
SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, D.C.L.

The Encænia this year, though lacking nothing in the dignity and solemnity of so important an occasion, were rendered entirely free from tedium by the skill of the musician described by the Creweian Orator as the *hydraulæ* . . . the new organist of Magdalen. Sometimes the Latin orations by the Public Orator in the Sheldonian Theatre leave even those who understand every single word of them a bit depressed. This year it was not so and Dr. Cyril Bailey's eloquence surpassed his own best. In conferring the D.C.L. on the Marquess of Lothian, our Ambassador-Elect to the U.S.A., the Orator referred, in both Latin and Greek, to his Lordship's great qualities and services and to the happiness of the choice of His Majesty The King. Of Ambassadors there were not a few, H.E. the Duke of Alba, the Spanish, and H.E. Tai Chi Quo, the Chinese, both are pictured above, each talking to another distinguished personage, as will be remarked. Miss Janet Gordon, the daughter of the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. George Stuart Gordon, is with the Master of Pembroke, who is a former Vice-Chancellor of the University, and Lady Clementi, wife of Sir Cecil Clementi, who is an Honorary Fellow of Magdalen, is talking to the distinguished Admiral who is Master of Downing, Cambridge, and one of the new D.C.L.'s. The Vice-Chancellor made an eloquent and very feeling reference to Sir Herbert Richmond's sea service and to the ships he had commanded. They included the *Dreadnought*. He also referred to the Admiral's fine literary efforts on naval history and naval warfare



AT THE IRISH DERBY WHICH WAS RUN AT THE CURRAGH LAST WEEK

Major Jim Barry, famous owner of the Clonsilla Stud, the Hon. Mrs. Jim Barry (in bath chair) an aunt of Lord Clanmorris, the Hon. Patsy Dixon, Captain the Rt. Hon. Herbert Dixon, who was created a peer in the last Birthday Honours, but has not yet decided on his title, and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Dixon, who is a sister of Lord Clanmorris

I DID not bother to answer the correspondent who wrote me a long tirade on the excellence of our horses and the reverse of French horses, and I think Ascot has answered it for him. As I add it up French horses only took part in thirteen races at Ascot, out of which they won eight and had nine other placed horses. It was lucky they didn't run something, indeed anything, in the Gold Cup, as even with the race run at a crawl only one horse could raise more than a trot after two miles.

Of the two-year-olds seen at the meeting, how many could be written down as having classic pretensions? Rose of England colt stands out, Tant Mieux or Turkhan probably next, and Congratulation and Fair Test perhaps later on. Let us hope there are lots of backward ones coming out later.

What a day Friday was to finish up with. There is nothing more boring or tiring than losing money, and losing it in the rain is the end. So anxious was a farming friend of mine to get his hay in before this rain that he left his chauffeur behind to help make it, and being a worse than a moderate driver roped in the local parson to drive him to the meeting. His Reverence demurring, on the score of his working suit not being in keeping with Ascot, he was dolled out in an old fawn suiting, a grey bowler and race glasses, and with his collar turned the right way round made his first appearance at the royal meeting looking more like he was doing a "stand-in" for a film of the Arcadians, than the life and soul of a vestry meeting.

Owing to the publicity always given to the marital misfortunes of jockeys I have been informed by one of them that an idea is being put forward that to go up sides with the high prestige of the meeting any jockey who has figured in any way in divorce proceedings will have to change in the gent's cloakroom. I may add that my informant on racing as well as every other subject I have found to be a mine of misinformation. I had thought Panorama and Portobello were two super sprinters who, if they did not run up against each other again, would never be beaten. It was rather a severe blow to see them both beaten at the meeting, and one wonders if that gruelling match they had at Hurst Park was the undoing of both of them.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

There didn't seem to be any stories of huge plunging at Ascot, merely every one was a good loser on the week. The only betting comedy was the large-sized layer foaming with rage for some reason and shouting at a very important racing personage, "You push off," I think that was what he said, "and never come near me no more, and don't ever address a word to me again on or off a racecourse." If the rails hadn't been between them I believe he'd have caught him and eaten him. There weren't so many parties as usual during the week, and the greater part of the racing world turned up most nights at the Hotel de Paris at Bray, where Stephen Donoghue and his new patrons, the Messrs. Roll, provided a lot of entertainment. At Windsor the next day they bought Dialect out of the "Monkey" selling plate for 1,550 guineas, after having got into several tangles in the course of the bidding, and they have bought a very nice horse. What can't one run up against in selling plates these days? Dapple Colt, Vintage Port, Colwyn Bay and Dialect aren't very far down in the second-class this bad year. The executive at Windsor having thus got a nice fat surplus combined with good attendance money should now really do two things. They should

(a) put up a number board in the paddock, a suggestion which would seem rather self-evident, and (b) they should enlarge that awful hump-backed bridge and make another entrance on the London side. It is quite hard enough to get to the course, and may take over an hour to get away as things are. It is probably too much to ask that the diminutive enclosure and stands be brought somewhat more up to date, and something be done to that awful dark dank bar which never sees the light of day, and is about a quarter of the size required for this day's racing. The whole outfit really is not designed for an attendance of this size.

Folkestone is rather a jolly little meeting with a very fluky course. The prizes are very small and the class rather poor, but attendances are getting larger each year, probably due to



ALSO AT THE CURRAGH

Mr. P. J. Ruttledge, the owner of the winner of the Irish Derby, Mondragon, and Mrs. Ruttledge with the crack Irish jockey, Joe Carty, who rode the colt and got home by half a length from Mr. W. Barnett's Crushed Corn

staggered holidays, so that no doubt the standard will be improved.

It was somewhat shattering at this meeting to see a noble racer which I had fed for three months and sold at a good loss to someone else who fed it for nine, sold for a fiver. I would almost have given that to have strangled the jady brute myself.

* * * * *

Major Jim Barry a snapshot of whom adorns the top picture in this page is probably the only amateur who has ever whipped in to the Quorn. This happened during Captain Frank Forester's days during the Great War.

WINDSOR RACES



"BROWNIE" CARS LAKE AND THE
HON. MRS. VANDY BEATTY



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AND
PRINCESS ALY KHAN

FOLLOW ASCOT



THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY AND
LADY IRENE HAIG



MISS CATHERINE KENNEDY AND
LORD HARTINGTON



MR. E. STURT WITH MISS MARY
DE TRAFFORD



LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS AND
MR. EDWARD ESMOND

Some of the people who went on to Windsor after that most unpleasant Ascot managed to get some of their losses back, but, it is to be feared, not all. Weather slightly better, though still well below par, but the going good, with very good fields all through the card. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent graced the occasion and made several excursions to the paddock. When Windsor gets its new stands there will be a Royal Box, which at present, there is not. The Princess Aly Khan's sporting young husband had one running in the Clarence Stakes, in which Mr. Edward Esmond also had a starter, but Mr. Esmond really came to the meeting to see his "Outbreak" win the Robert Wilmot Handicap, in which he was ridden by Gordon, who squeezed him home by a short head. "Brownie" Carslake, seen with the owner's wife, rode Major Vandy Beatty's "Tremorphic" in the Five-Hundred Two-Year-Old Seller. The rest of the charming people collected by the photographer were not quite so intimately connected with the racing side of things. Miss Kennedy, whose escort is the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir, is a daughter of the American Ambassador, whom England likes so much that she has taken to calling him "Joe"!



CHARLIE CHAPLIN, PAULETTE GODDARD AND GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH

This picture was taken more or less recently at Charlie Chaplin's home in the Beverley Hills, where Geoffrey Harmsworth, the author of a good book, "I Like America," was staying when *en route* for home. The author is a nephew of Lord Rothermere and of the late Lord Northcliffe. "I Like America" makes a very opportune appearance and was published on the 22nd by Hutchinsons

Tragedy of a Fanatic.

PERSECUTORS have usually a "divine" message to deliver. It is at once the excuse for their ruthlessness, as well as self-justification in their own mind. The God of the Old Testament inspires them, never the loving-kindness of Christ. They are out for a war to the death, and "God" is urging them on. It is, in reality, a mental disorder, and the tragedy of it is that it is often a very catching disease. The weaker, the more easily-distorted the mind, the quicker the infection. It supplies the miracle for which all rootless minds are waiting.

Sir Bernard Pares' enthralling book, "The Fall of the Russian Monarchy: A Study of the Evidence" (Cape; 18s.), is a poignant study of such a fanaticism: a belief in the miracle. Its poignancy lies in the fact that the Empress was inspired by the best intentions for her son, for her family, for Russia. But she was a blind fanatic by nature, and the evil influence of Rasputin played upon her belief in the miraculous. He could "cure" her son of his affliction: he was in touch with the "divine." Thus she believed. All the narrowness of her mind, all her latent superstitions, all the obstinacy of her nature was consecrated to this belief. She had only a simple, weak-willed husband to say her nay. Rasputin triumphed. It was the triumph of the charlatan over the will to be a saint. The result is now history—an appalling page of history.

As one reads this absorbing book it is difficult to believe that it all happened only about twenty years ago. Surely, one imagines, it must in reality be a story of the Middle Ages, not of contemporary history! From beginning to end it carries within its theme all the pre-ordained doom of a Greek tragedy. During the years before the war Russia was fairly contented, undoubtedly prosperous. Men of nobility and fine patriotic character inspired her plans for an even more roseate future. Men who were ornaments of their country. Yet they were these men whom the Empress hated because Rasputin hated them. He hated them because he feared them. Their power meant the diminution of his own influence at the Russian Court. By his dictation, doubtless, she appointed men whose names spelt reaction in its worst form. "Sweep away the dirt and the dust," she cried. And the dirt and the dust were the men who formed the most liberal influences in

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

the Duma and the Council of State. She was clay in Rasputin's hands. The loathing with which he was held in Russia and the Court circles eventually alienated her from the Russian people, the Army, and even her own relations. Yet such was her superstitious belief in the miracle of Rasputin that the greater the enmity he and she encountered, the more fanatically she believed in their mutual star. Warned on every hand, even by her own sister and the allied ambassadors, she still persisted in her obstinacy and fanatical belief.

The eventual *débâcle* took its headlong course. In 1915 revolution was probable. By 1916 nothing could stop it. Approaching the crisis of events, the Empress was nearly arrested by General Alexeiev. Had this been done the revolution might have been prevented and the monarchy saved. But Alexeiev fell ill and the arrest could not be carried out. Revolution then became inevitable. There was nothing of the monarchy left to serve. Just a woman maddened by fanaticism, a weak-willed Emperor, a sickly son. Russian constitutional monarchy crumbled away from the top; it was not undermined from below. Losing 300,000 men a month at the front, those who filled the gaps were peasants lads, half-trained, utterly war-weary. Yet, had the Empress put honest men in charge, at least the soldiers wouldn't have starved. Hunger provided the last incentive towards revolt. It seemed from the very beginning that whatever the Empress did only helped forward relentlessly the very tragedy she thought to avoid.

And all the way through this page of ghastly history, as Sir Bernard Pares tells it by means of his own personal encounters and observations through a period of thirty years spent in Russia, his knowledge of most of the chief actors in the drama, there runs concurrently at times some almost painfully intimate details of the family and domestic life led by the Russian Royal Family before, during, and after the final *débâcle*. Knowing them better, as we get to know them in this book, one realises more clearly how inevitable the consequences of their mental outlook and behaviour were. The Empress, backed up by the evil influence of Rasputin, convinced that she had been ordained by Heaven to save

Russia; the Emperor, charming, well-meaning, purely domesticated, signing his letters to his wife: "Your poor, weak-willed hubby." The whole tragic drama is made the more effective by reason of the writer's sense of fairness while sifting all the evidence which has so far come to hand. Probably no fresh evidence will ever be available—at least, none probably which will throw another kind of light on the tragic story as a whole. The facts and the events are self-evident. They form one of the strangest pages in all history.

Many Conversations.

"Call the Tune" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Barbara Goolden, gave me the impression, as I was reading it, of being at rather a smart, high-brow cocktail-party where everybody talked at once, talking cleverly, and nothing very much happened. To a certain extent, what plot there is centres around three sisters—Greta, Irene and Lettice. Greta is married to a man much older than herself, and, curiously enough, is rather despised by Irene and her set because they are conventional and contented! Seemingly, and according to Irene and McEwen, the public school Communist possessed of means, conventionality is its own revolting punishment, but contentment is beyond the pale of anybody's mental satisfaction. Irene and McEwen are in love. Neither have, apparently, belonged

(Continued on page 576.)

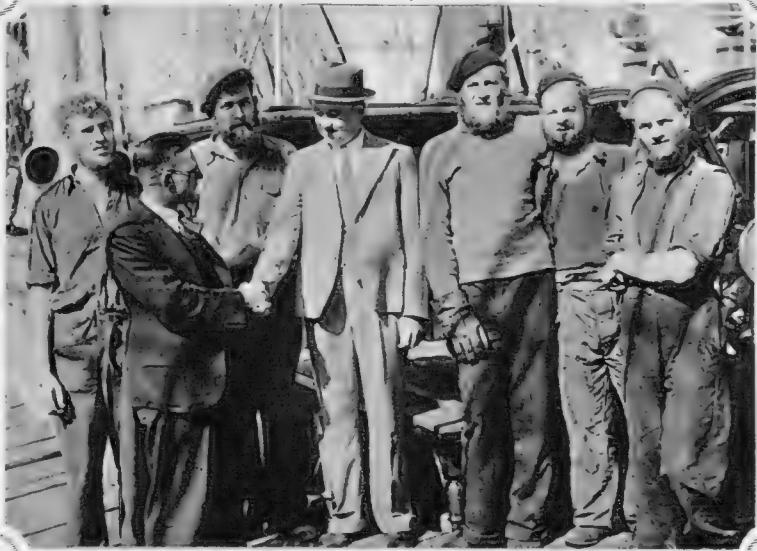


MR. NIAL O'MALLEY KEYES,
AUTHOR OF "BLUBBER SHIP"

The right title, picked by the right author, for it is his description of his life as a deck-hand aboard a ramshackle little whaling-ship working off the California coast. "Blubber Ship" is published by Harrap and is worth anyone's money.



WITH EVERY RAG SET—THE "VIKING" WHEN OFF THE LIZARD

ROUND THE CAPSTAN IN CARDIFF DOCKS
AFTER 190 DAYS AT SEACAPTAIN MORN OF THE "VIKING," SOME OF HIS CREW
AND THE OWNER'S AGENT

In the days when everything that does not go by either petrol or steam is held to be a museum piece, it strikes a bit strangely to find the windjammers almost as busy in the ocean-racing line as ever were such famous clipper ships as the "Taiping," the "Ariel" and the "Cutty Sark," which latter is still afloat and looking pretty nearly as jaunty as she did in her most glorious days. We also had come to believe that the masts and yards sailorman was extinct—but he is not, as Captain Morn would very quickly tell us. The "Viking" met all sorts of weather during her long 190-days' sea trek, and when a sailor says "all sorts," some people know something of what is meant. When the camera got that beautiful picture at the top of this page, the "Viking" had what the deep-sea men call a "yachtsman's" breeze, meaning one that is not apt to blow things out of the bolt-holes

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

to the working classes—unless you can call a dentist's receptionist and lecturing hard labour?—but they are of the same political colour and, in spite of McEwen's two former wives, feel that together, with all their ideas, they could found a school for children of the Left.

To his mother McEwen explains his feelings thus: "I want to be loved for my opinions as well as for myself. An ardent disciple of infinitely pleasing appearance—the idea's attractive. To be cherished for one's mind, darling mother, is extraordinarily pleasant. One becomes a trifle tired of appealing to young women who are merely bowled over by the more obvious attractions." "I want to give you a baby," he cries to Irene, when it had appeared to her that a physical affair would permit their ideas to flow incessantly without adding a third wife to the list of his matrimonial failures.

The third sister, Lettice, is, however, the most unfortunate. To begin with, she is the mother of one child, a boy, and such is her possessive nature that she resents the least influence, either on his mind or education, on the part of her husband. For which, to a certain extent, she had my sympathy. For, honestly, her husband, Brodie, was next door to a fool. At least, I can only call a man foolish who earns his living by lecturing in schools, and, being allowed by his wife a few peaceful infidelities, falls at the earliest encouragement for a neurotic married woman who may safely be accounted as being "not quite there." Circumstances had warned him of his danger. Nevertheless, he takes her to a house of accommodation and she throws herself out of the window.

The scandal loses him his job. Not, however, that you are likely to shed any tears over him, or, indeed, about anybody in the story. None of them seem really very actual. They are opinions rather than people. But they are quite amusing to listen to, even though one feels towards the end that the shadow of the crisis last September, which gradually bewilders them, will, so to speak, quickly leave the world and life as unruffled as if they, and their kind, had never lived and talked at all. They will simply be swamped by people and circumstances which are real—though actually the people haven't one political or moral revolutionary idea in the whole of their heads pulped together.

A Life of Fine Actions.

Miss Edith Picton-Turbervill's autobiography, "Life is Good" (Muller; 12s. 6d.), proves once again how much more effective action is than talking, and how personal experience is infinitely more enlightening than theorising before an audience. All her life she has been a woman of

action, and, although she was only a Member of Parliament for two years, in those two years she was instrumental in passing the Bill which, always repugnant to judges although it was never brought into action, made it law that upon no pregnant woman should ever be passed a sentence of death. Which, incidentally, recalls an amusing story of an evangelical friend of the author's who, when she heard the news, added to the family prayers the words: "We do thank Thee, dear Lord, for success in the passing of this Act, so useful to women of our sex."

But that is the charm of this autobiography—a delightful and quiet sense of humour is never very far away from the more serious passages. So that, after the writer had been

converted to the evangelical faith and had gone out to India under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. as a missionary among Indian women and children, we are never, so to speak, shut up relentlessly at a prayer meeting. The outlook is always human and tolerant and sympathetic, smiling rather than grim, and determined at all times to make the most of life and life's more useful opportunities. Given good health, such temperaments usually do find life good. Unless there be some tragic untoward, they are generally the people who live useless lives who are dull to themselves and to others.

All the same, perhaps the most interesting part of the book is devoted to the description of a large family in the 'nineties. It is a delightful picture, and a true one—as I know from my own experience. Just as much fun—perhaps more—as young people enjoy to-day. And not nearly so restless and flirtatious towards discontent. Perhaps because young people in those days had to provide their own fun—always more enjoyable and much better for the character than when fun has to be mass-produced, at a price, with a cocktail necessary to get the fun going. Later on in the story a number of interesting personalities appear. For example, Miss Picton-Turbervill's life-long friendship with Lady Frances Balfour and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, as well as her friendship with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose vagueness, his political party, was due, towards the end he was a tired, politically-weary man.

All her life Miss Picton-Turbervill has been a worker. Hence her vitality and the interest she takes in human endeavour. At present she is connected with the "Nui-Tsai"—Eastern traffic in the lives of little girls. Consequently her book is as interesting from beginning to end, as she herself has always found a working life full of interest. And, as I wrote above, a sense of humour saves it from all being too earnest. It is a serious story, but it is never ponderous.



MAKING A HIT AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

Jacqueline Le Geyt as "The Merry Widow" in Farjeon's brilliant Vienna cartoon in *The Little Revue*. She is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. John Daniell and a descendant of the old Norman family of that name which settled in Cheshire in the early part of the twelfth century. As Miss Jacqueline Daniell, Jacqueline Le Geyt was one of the prettiest débutantes of her year

which so greatly exasperated she considers, to the fact that towards the end he was a tired, politically-weary man.

All her life Miss Picton-Turbervill has been a worker. Hence her vitality and the interest she takes in human endeavour. At present she is connected with the "Nui-Tsai"—Eastern traffic in the lives of little girls. Consequently her book is as interesting from beginning to end, as she herself has always found a working life full of interest. And, as I wrote above, a sense of humour saves it from all being too earnest. It is a serious story, but it is never ponderous.

RUSSIAN BALLET FANS



LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT

MR. GAVIN ASTOR AND LADY ROSE
PAGET IN THE FOYER AT COVENT
GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

LORD AND LADY ROSSE



LADY MAIRI STEWART AND LORD GRANBY.

(ON RIGHT) SIR GEORGE CLERK WITH THE
MARCHESE AND MARCHESA DE POLIGNAC

MLE. NERCHININI, CAPTAIN "BOBBY" JENKINSON AND
MRS. KEITH NEWALL FORGATHER DURING THE INTERVAL

These pictures were taken when Educational Ballets, Ltd., opened their season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester had a large party in the Royal Box, and well-known faces were to be found all over the packed house. Lady Elizabeth Scott, fair and slim débutante daughter of the Lord Steward of the Household and the Duchess of Buccleuch, was well suited to a tulle crinoline. So was Lady Rosse, hers being gaily embroidered with flowers. Lady Mairi Stewart, youngest of the House of Londonderry, also wore white tulle, plus a white fox cape. Diplomacy had many representatives, among them Sir George Clerk, our Ambassador to France, 1934-7. Lord Granby, eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, comes of age next year. Mr. Gavin Astor's mother, Lady Violet Astor, holds the important A.T.S. rank of Controller, County of London

Concerning Golf

By HENRY LONGHURST

Bromford League tournament?) Cotton, if you recall, was a trifle unlucky not to win outright. Tieing with Charles Whitcombe with one match left to play, he had to play Reginald Whitcombe, while Charles was against Alfred Perry. Cotton beat Reginald and Charles beat Perry, so they shared the honours, but in doing so Cotton for seventeen holes had a score no less than nine strokes better than that which Charles Whitcombe rather astonishingly found good enough to beat Perry.

Meanwhile the tournament served very well as a guide to the Ryder Cup selectors. I hope, by the way, that they were all present. I did not notice many of them at the Leeds tournament during the previous week. Dai Rees, who finished well down the list at Birmingham, was assured of a place already, and may well have been suffering a natural reaction after his victory at Leeds. Others who played themselves obviously into the team were Bert Gadd and James Adams, while I shall be very surprised if a place is not found for Sam King.

While all this was going on, I was watching the ladies at Portrush. Miss Pamela Barton opened the week with some very uncertain golf, having played pretty badly, they tell me, in the international matches which preceded the championship. Passing safely through the earlier rounds she found her game improving steadily, and towards the end she was right back to the form that won her the British and American titles in the same season three years ago. Watching her at a distance one might think that she was slicing every stroke, for she has developed that curious contortion of the body at the end of the shot by which golfers may be seen trying to urge the ball back into play when they see it flying out of bounds on the right. Probably she is unaware of this amusing idiosyncrasy. Certainly she had no need of it, for she was hitting the ball with forceful accuracy and her scoring towards the end would have done credit to a good many professionals.

As for Portrush, to which I was paying my first visit, I thought it was lovely, and a golfer's education is not complete until he has played there. I duly made the pilgrimage to the Giant's Causeway, which reminded me, strangely enough, of Paris, on account of the number of untidy gentlemen who offered me postcards or their services as guide. I came away agreeing with Doctor Johnson that the Causeway was worth seeing, but not worth going to see.

The present course at Portrush is not yet ten years old, though it gives the impression of having been there since golf began. It lies on wonderful, natural golfing ground, beside the sea, and so cunningly have the hazards provided by nature been utilised by man that there are less than fifty bunkers in eighteen holes. Adjoining the ninth is the Hut, an admirable half-way house, complete with basket chairs, a carpet and well-stocked bar. Queen of the establishment is Maggie, and in true royal fashion she hoists the flag to let the golfers know when she is in residence. When the flag is at half-mast it signifies not Maggie's demise, but that supplies have run out.

Secretary of the club is George Nash, whose "Letters to a Golf Club Secretary" you must have read in *Punch* or in book form. I was assured, though he will deny it, that his characters—General Forcusruse and the rest, were taken from life at Portrush. Then there is the amiable Johnny FitzSimmons, who is the steward and a member of the club since he won the Irish amateur championship, and, lastly, one must not forget Mr. D. F. Scott, whose fore-caddieing was a feature of the final.



MARY AND BUDDY

Caught on the Gleneagles Hotel links. Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers is the extended title of Buddy and his wife, Mary Pickford. They are paying their first visit to Scotland and staying at the famous golfing hotel

NEWS of the week is Henry Cotton's impending marriage to Mrs. M. I. Moss, which will probably be an accomplished fact by the time you are reading this. My very sincere congratulations—and may luck be with them. As arrangements stand at the moment of writing they will have been married just before leaving for St. Andrews for the Open championship, hoping, no doubt, to place the most acceptable of all wedding presents on the sideboard when they come home.

Mrs. Moss is a familiar figure at golf matches, and heaven alone knows how many times she has now watched him play. Her knowledge of the game is profound, and I can say, without exaggeration, that I would rather have a lesson from her than from any professional I know, including Cotton. She herself is no mean player. Her physique is not such as to give her any great length, but she won the championship of Austria. Indeed, she may be champion of that country *in perpetuo*, for it was absorbed by Germany while she was the holder of the title. Cotton, who is the Open champion of Czechoslovakia, may find himself in the same position.

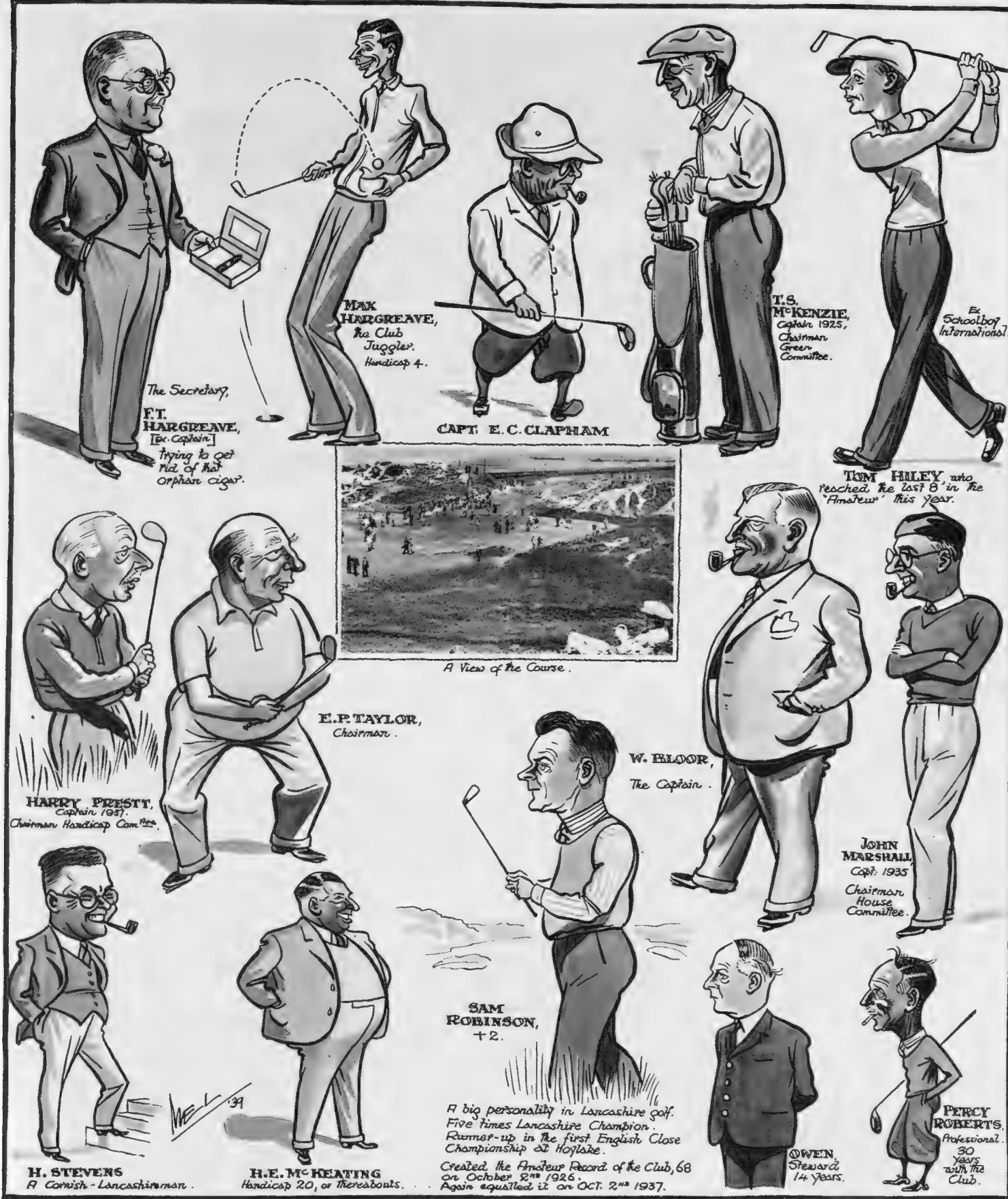
I was glad, since he had rather a barren season last year, to see him do so well at Little Aston in the Penfold League tournament. (Note to Mr. Penfold: If you decide in the goodness of your heart to put up all this money for the professionals in order to advertise Bromford golf balls, why not call it the



DAI REES

The little Welshman, who is the professional at Hindhead, as "Mel" saw him when he was successful at Templenewsam, Leeds. In the League Tournament at Little Aston he did not go so well, and was put out in the tenth series by R. Burton (Sale) by 2 and 1. Henry Cotton and Charles Whitcombe eventually made a dead-heat of it

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



SOUTHPORT AND AINSDALE GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

When the Southport and Ainsdale Club first came into existence in 1906, no one dreamed that it would one day house the biggest international event of the year—namely, the Ryder Cup, which was played there in 1933 and 1937, a choice which singles it out as being one of the finest tests of golf in the world. This is in part due to its length. Even before the first Ryder Cup match was played there it had been stretched to championship length by the construction of "tiger tees," for the Dunlop-Southport Professional Tournament, and from the Ryder Cup tees the total length of the round is no fewer than 6833 yards. In 1922, owing to the cutting of a new arterial road, some form of reconstruction became imperative, and James Braid was called in to supervise the task, which necessitated the replanning of seven holes and the building of a new club-house, which is now one of the finest in the country

SOLENTERTAINMENT

The Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta

MISS JOCELYN COLLINS, MISS NANCY MORETON,
AND MISS PAMELA MORRISON-BELLLIEUT.-COLONEL DE LANDE LONG, MISS DU BOULAY,
MRS. LOUIS CAMPBELL, AND MISS KATHLEEN COLEEDGELIEUT.-COLONEL EUSTACE AND THE
HON. MRS. MORRISON-BELLMRS. DE LANDE LONG AND A SWEDISH VISITOR,
MME. GELSTRUP-HULMGRENSIR RALPH AND LADY GORE LOOKING
FULL OF PURPOSE

When the Bembridge Sailing Club gave a regatta for the Solent Classes last week, the following wins resulted: International 6-metre Class, Mr. A. H. O'Connor's "Erin"; West Solent Restricted, the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow's "Sapphire"; Dragon, Mr. J. Sebag-Montefiore's "Snapper"; Solent Sunbeam, Mrs. H. Collins's "Harmony"; Redwing, Mr. and Mrs. Colegate's "Red Gauntlet." No Bembridge Sailing Club fixture would be itself without Lieut.-Colonel Albert de Lande Long and his equally sea-minded wife; they live at Lisle Court, Wootton, and he belongs to five yacht clubs, headed by the R.Y.S. Eminent Bembridgeans shown here include Sir Claude Morrison-Bell's brother and sister-in-law, whose elder daughter was also in evidence at the Regatta; and Sir Ralph and Lady Gore. Both Sir Ralph Gore and Colonel Morrison-Bell are members of The Squadron. Mrs. Louis Campbell's brother-in-law, Sir Charles Campbell, is Secretary of Bembridge Sailing Club

EXPERIMENT IN TIME



"Queer! Miss Fortescue, I seem to have experienced this moment before" —



— or "Do you believe in reincarnation, Miss Fortescue? I seem . . ." etc.

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*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street***THE VISCOUNTESS BURY—A RECENT PORTAIT**

Lady Bury has just been appointed Norfolk County Organiser of the Women's Voluntary Services for National Defence, a most useful and, incidentally, efficient body whose value cannot be over-estimated in these very edgy times in which we find ourselves. She is Lord Bury's second wife and was married in 1931, the first Lady Bury, the former Lady Judith Carrington, having died in 1928. Lord Bury, who is a Major in the Scots Guards General Reserve, is the Earl of Albemarle's eldest son and heir. There is one daughter by the second marriage, the Hon. Anne Keppel, but there are three sons and two daughters by the first marriage. Lord Bury's seat is Eccles Hall, Norwich



MLLE. HACHETTE AND FRIEND

The attractive daughter of the head of the famous newspaper distributing firm, Grandes Messageries Hachette, has been spending a holiday recently at Le Touquet, where the above photograph was taken. The season there is now getting well into its stride, especially at week-ends, when many familiar faces from the two capitals are to be seen

TRÈS CHER—I missed the opening show of the Ambassadeurs this summer, but made up for lost time by dining there twice this week and enjoying it tremendously. I found, with delight, that the management had brought out all the old, opalescent gas-globes that were a feature of the decoration in the days of long, long ago when the Ambass. was an open-air *café chantant*, Yvette Guilbert was young and slim in her apple-green frock and long, black gloves, Polaire had a thirteen-inch waist and had not yet learned to gamble, and Mistinguett had never heard of passports and wouldn't have worried about 'em if she had! Now the globes are lighted with electricity and are silently rose-coloured instead of hissing orange; while the piano-violin-and-cornet orchestra has been replaced by two famous dance bands. We have lost our hearts to Louise Duke for the way she hits the piano in the right places, and for the deep, rich contralto she launches at us *via* the "mike." The Glamour Girls are glamorous, Jack Holland is a fine dancer, and June Hart is sweet and nearly as lovely a mover as Roseray; Bob du Pont is a master-juggler, and the Givres are acrobats who can actually get new effects out of a spring-board number.

Sacha Guitry, looking, as usual, as if the rest of the world beyond his immediate circle is just a nasty mess, was there with his fiancée on the evening of the *Dîner des Trois Cents* (which does not mean three cents, darling!) when the place was transformed to represent the Ambassadeurs of 1885, and our prettiest lovelies were dressed *ad hoc*. Bustles and bonnets can be charming worn by Edmée Favart, Laure Diana, Jeanne Pierrat and Parysis. At one moment Sacha came to life and even read an *à propos*, but in so confidential



VIVIANE ROMANCE

The bad girl of so many dramatic films, but at the moment looking very far from bad. Her most recent picture, *Tradition de Minuit*, will no doubt be seen over here in the near future.

One of her biggest successes was *Prisons de Femmes*

criticised by the owners of awarded first or second prizes. Personally, I have rarely come across a more painstaking or conscientious judge or one more patient and kindly in explaining—after rendering judgment—his point of view. All the most famous French Skye kennels were well represented. The Bazizoo, the Chamardière, the Mandane and the Orties all did well. After judging the *Élevage National* class, Mr. Merrill declared that better Skyes could not be seen in England.

It seems a pity that quarantine laws prevent us from bringing our tykes over to some of the British shows. Surely it ought to be possible to come to some arrangement with the authorities to enable foreigners wishing to show their dogs in England to obtain a permit to bring them over for a few days. During their stay they would be submitted, of course, to proper veterinary control. I submit this suggestion to canine *entente cordiale*. PRISCILLA.

Priscilla in Paris

a manner that nobody was able to discover what it was all about. Simone Simon, looking more than ever like the offspring of a Pekinese pup and a Persian kitten, was unfortunate enough to giggle at the wrong moment, and, with that giggle, bang went her chance of ever being wife No. 5. Corinne Luchaire gloomed and tried to look fatal in a brave attempt to live up to the error made by her producer in dressing her up in a brown wig, and casting her for the part of Cora in the unfortunate French version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. The result was that she merely looked like a rather sulky schoolgirl—and very charming.

It seems, however, that French producers are beginning to see the error they are making in allowing bratlings to imagine themselves a mixture of Bernhardt, Duse and Garbo. Henri Decoin is now directing a picture—*Battements de Cœur*—in which his delightful little wife, Danielle Darrieux, will at last be seen as a simple *jeune fille française*, and this will be a pleasant change after her recent pictures. Towards the end of the evening Mme. Georges Bonnet looked in, and Mr. Anthony Eden, who also made a brief appearance, created a great sensation. Oh, boy! What a hero! Paris has decided that Robert Taylor and even Tino Rossi are simply nowheres as a box-office draw compared to Monsieur Edenne. Them as paid their pennies to see, in flesh and berlud, the good-looking bloke whom they have so often admired in the illustrated Press and on the silver screen when the news-reel flashes, certainly got their money's worth when he spoke his piece at the Théâtre Marigny next day, but the captious critics, who were indifferent to good tailoring, cornflower button-hole and pleasant smile, and who expect every political speaker to combine the eloquence of Bossuet, the thunder of Mirabeau and the subtlety of Robespierre, were slightly disgruntled. Who cares? *Tout Paris* rushed to attend Mr. Eden's two lectures and gave him a deservedly warm-hearted welcome. From where I was seated on the platform I could have leaned forwards and patted him on the back, and I rather regretted that I have passed the autograph-hunting stage.

The Centrale Canine Dog Show, that makes canine history in this country, was a smarter affair than usual this year, for it took place in the green surroundings of the Bois de Boulogne. Our terriers did themselves prahd, since Mr. Merrill came over from England to judge them.

As usual, he was greatly those dogs who were not awarded first or second prizes. Personally, I have rarely come across a more painstaking or conscientious judge or one more patient and kindly in explaining—after rendering judgment—his point of view. All the most famous French Skye kennels were well represented. The Bazizoo, the Chamardière, the Mandane and the Orties all did well. After judging the *Élevage National* class, Mr. Merrill declared that better Skyes could not be seen in England.

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THE PRESIDENT OF EIRE'S FIRST OFFICIAL GARDEN-PARTY

MR. DE VALERA AND HIS HOST,
PRESIDENT DOUGLAS HYDELORD CHIEF JUSTICE TIMOTHY
SULLIVAN AND MRS. SULLIVANTHE HON. MR. JUSTICE O'BYRNE
ARRIVES WITH MRS. O'BYRNE

MR. AND MRS. JOHN J. HEARNE

THE MARQUIS McSWINEY AND HIS
DAUGHTER, MISS BESSY McSWINEY

The opening of a new era in Irish social life was marked on June 17 by President Douglas Hyde's first garden-party at the Presidential house in the Phoenix Park. To what in old days (good or bad according to opinion) was called Vice-regal Lodge came some 2000 guests, representing the Government, Dail, Seanad, Army, Hierarchy, Judiciary, and Diplomatic Corps, as well as many personal friends of Eire's President, who assisted him in his years of work for the revival of Erse as the national language. Mr. Eamon de Valera, whose official title is now Premier of Eire, was one of the first to be greeted by his historian, poet, folklorist host, known over there as An Craoibhin Aoibhinn. Early arrivals also included Lord Chief Justice Sullivan and his portrait-painter wife, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Tim Healy, first Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hearne are off to Ottawa in August, he having just been appointed Eire's first High Commissioner to Canada, after being Legal Adviser to the Department of External Affairs for many years. Miss Bessy McSwiney and her father are frequent visitors to the Presidential House—Arus an Uachtarain in Erse

Photos.: Poole, Dublin
SIR JAMES AND LADY NELSON

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE



THE CAPTAIN DOES HIS QUEER STUFF: RAYMOND HUNTERY, KAY BANNERMAN, CHARLES WILLIAMS

We Rhondda chaps got to fight right up to the bell every time. No matter what we are, we've got to go on fighting. Preachers like Mr. Price whose chests an' things goes back on 'em, pugilists like me, conductors like old Llew Rhondda, workmen like Shoni Lloyd—who are the salt o' the earth, Mog—an' women like his Emily, an' the ole women, our mothers, all, all got to fight right up to the bell, see, Mog? Yet you're sitting there, like a big kid, worrying your guts over a feller who wouldn't fight up to the bell.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT, for obvious reasons, has been compared with *Love on the Dole*. Both are laid in derelict districts, both are full of pathos and humanity. It was these two qualities which saved Mr. Walter Greenwood's play for a long run, although it nearly died on him after a week or two, because the public thought it must be a "depressing" play; which in effect it was not. Neither is *Rhondda Roundabout*; and I hope the similarity will extend to the fortunes of this highly original production at the Globe, which a fortnight ago began to double its audiences under threat of withdrawal. I should much like, but do not feel entirely able, to swell the chorus of praise that has helped it. *Rhondda Roundabout* is by no means a first-class play; but it has much to say, and says it with eloquence and unmistakable sincerity.

It has, for instance, a Message. The above quotation from its final scene indicates this; indicates also that Mr. Jack Jones, the author, is a fighter. He is much else: orator, propagandist, and by nature more than a bit of a poet. As playwright he has tried (regrettably, I think) to serve these several masters. He has written scenes full of power and genuine feeling, and these are the simplest ones, featuring such of Mr. Jones's people as are clear-cut: Shoni Lloyd, the miner who represents the kindness and

courage of the Rhondda Valley; Shoni's loving but termagant wife; old Llew, conductor of musical festivals, whose failing mind hovers uncertainly between "The Messiah" and the "Elijah"; young Dan, the preacher with a troublesome chest; Lucy, who wants to cherish Dan; Jim Pierce, the miner soured by long-drawn unemployment and by bringing up eight children on the dole; his daughter Doreen, "betrayed" by an unknown seducer; Bandy, the stout-hearted, beef-headed boxer, who won't let himself be knocked out by unrequited love. These can, and at times do, ring the emotional withers. Thus, in a beautifully done scene where Shoni, warning his wife against interference with their preacher-nephew, invokes remembrance of things past:

SHONI: I can remember the sweat I used to be in when something happened to stop me seeing you in those days when—well, when we was burning for each other. I remember one night, when I was on my way out to the bottom o' the pit, an' the overman stopped me, an' said I'd have to work on to help clear a big fall on the double parting. An' there I was, cursing flashes, for you an' me had settled to meet that night. Working on that fall of roof like a madman, an' through the sweat nearly blinding me, I could see you waiting for me in the world above, my lovely. . . . Ay, that was how I, your dull old Shoni, used to feel when I'd missed the sight o' you, an' the feel o' you in my arms. . . .

EMILY: . . . Why is it that we don't talk like this oftener?

SHONI: Gel, that's more than I can tell you. After the first year or two it's more snapping than loving talking most of us married people do. Still, we must try to remember, lovely, them days when. . . . Now, listen, Emily, we had our day, an' nobody interfered between us. So let Dan an' this gel settle things for themselves—same as we did. Will you?



BOOKIE: JULIAN MITCHELL

Beauty and Desolation



MINER AND SPOUSE: DILYS DAVIES, MERVYN JOHNS

These characters, and one or two more, if left to themselves, could have fulfilled not only their own natures but their author's other purpose, to show the Rhondda in its entirety—fortitude, suffering, Chapel and Communism and all—as a valley of desolation, a brave place in need of succour. But the playwright's other selves take charge. Jack Jones, orator, introduces rhetoric (it is that none the less because it is exalted) about the long descent of wasted days among a people running to seed. The wind whistles when the scene changes to a queer cove's soliloquy on a mountain: "The Rhondda, revolutionary and riotous; religious and musical; tolerant and intolerant; coal-bearing Rhondda. Starting-point of hunger-marches and of religious revivals. Place of origin of famous preachers, poets, musicians, conductors, operatic stars and boxers." At this stage, I can imagine the stage-manager's copy of the script being marked *More Wind*, before the soliloquy continues: "Rhondda, with its two dozen hard-hit townships, with Big Mog—ye gods, Big Mog, my fat and prosperous patron—casting his shoe, whilst I, Captain Guy Felton, M.C., of the . . ."

Even that would be well enough in short spasms. But Jack Jones, propagandist, must also have his say, and sometimes has it through stump speeches from people not germane to the plot, instead of through dialogue between characters who are. The colliery explosion (inevitable to tales laid in mining districts) brings another greatly affecting passage for Shoni (returned from the rescue-team) and his wife; but it also brings, from street-corner politicians, a litany of casualty-statistics in all the explosions since Rhondda took to coal.

Meanwhile, the Jack Jones who by nature is a poet colours the whole, sometimes with beauty and sometimes with what, in terms of play-production, becomes queerness. The cove who continues to soliloquise on the mountainside, a monocled ex-officer still shell-shocked from the very late war, is an exceedingly odd person. Drink and an addled brain have

afflicted him with "the willies," and he alternately rails like Jeremiah, patters like a light comedian on yesterday's music-halls, or ejaculates in jargon which has been borrowed from the officers' mess but is a bit off-key, not to say shy-making. You are left to guess what he is doing, or what he symbolises, in this dramatic gallery, and why his patron the bookmaker loves him as something more than a brother. I enquired this of somebody who ought to know, and was referred to the harmless sufferer whom everybody cherishes in Russian novels—with special reference to the spiritually withdrawn "I" in Dostoevsky's *The House of the Dead*. If that is so, I suggest that since plays are written for audiences, he should have been explained, or made less bewildering, to the non-Russian English. This might well have been recognised, if not by the eloquent author, then by the theatre-wise producer, Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, who has made the most of the fine simplicities that are scattered through the play, and has elsewhere done a good job of difficult work, especially with the Welsh amateurs who are half the cast. But for Mr. Raymond Huntley's restraint in acting him, this Captain Guy Felton, M.C., might conceivably have seemed a figure of embarrassing fun.

Mr. Mervyn Johns, the Shoni, gives a performance that is lovely in the spirit and excellent on the homespun surface; and Miss Dilys Davies, as wife to Shoni, backs him with a lifelike rendering. Miss Kay Bannerman and Miss Pearl Evans do well with the Doreen and Lucy, in despite of some sketchy writing for these rôles. Good character performances come from Messrs. Julien Mitchell, Roddy Hughes, and Prysor Williams; while Mr. Tom Jones's ancient musician is very good indeed. The amateurs are a mixed bag, but some deserve to be professionals—notably Mr. Charles Williams, whose boxer is entirely natural and unforced. The backgrounds of Motley help the variegated picture. And when all has been said for stray readers who might go to *Rhondda Roundabout* believing it to be something it is not, there remains this. If in one sense it is less a play than a dramatic roundabout, its best moments are deeply moving, the second-best are interesting, and even the worst are informative. It reveals not only the Rhondda Valley, but the depressed areas in general, with five times the force and poignancy that could come out of many volumes of description.



LOVE IN THE RHONDDA: HUGH GRIFFITH, PEARL EVANS



CAIUS', CAMBRIDGE, MAYS WEEK BALL: STEWARDS AND GUESTS

Mays Week on the Cam is quite as much given over to Terpsichore as Commem. Week at the rival establishment on the Isis, and they hit quite as much fun out of it. As to the rowing side of it, Jesus remained head of the river

The names in the above group are: (l. to r., back) D. E. Waddilove, P. A. Heald, H. K. Matthews, P. C. Weekes, R. I. N. Greaves, E. K. Bennett, J. B. Heigham (Hon. Sec.), F. A. Way, M. M. Wilson, D. G. Atkinson, H. E. Tunnicliffe, and J. M. D. Symons; (seated) Miss B. Webster, Miss Vivien Jarvis, Miss Elizabeth Grice, Miss Audrey Lacey-Thompson, Mrs. Greaves, Miss Ann McCombie, Miss Cleone Chadwick, Miss Beatrice Gilbert-Carter, Miss Helen Cronin-Lowe, and Miss F. Baskett

COMING on top of the attempt to compel us to a dissemination of our naval and land forces, the announcement by a *littérateur* that the kilt is not Scottish at all, and is, in fact, an invention of some Sassenach tailor, living, presumably, in either Savile Row or Jermyn Street, is about the unkindest cut of all that has been dealt us. It has been delivered by Mr. Simon Bacon, who, I fear, may be a descendant of another iconoclast. The reference number is William Shakespeare, Shakspere or Shakspear. Mr. Bacon has harrowed us by saying that the nearest thing to a kilt that Bonnie Prince Charlie ever wore was Flora Macdonald's petticoat.

any such attempt would rouse Caledonia stern and wild to such a frenzy that it would surpass in its vengeance anything that the brutal people of those times did to poor Guy Fawkes, who tried to blow up our first Scottish King.

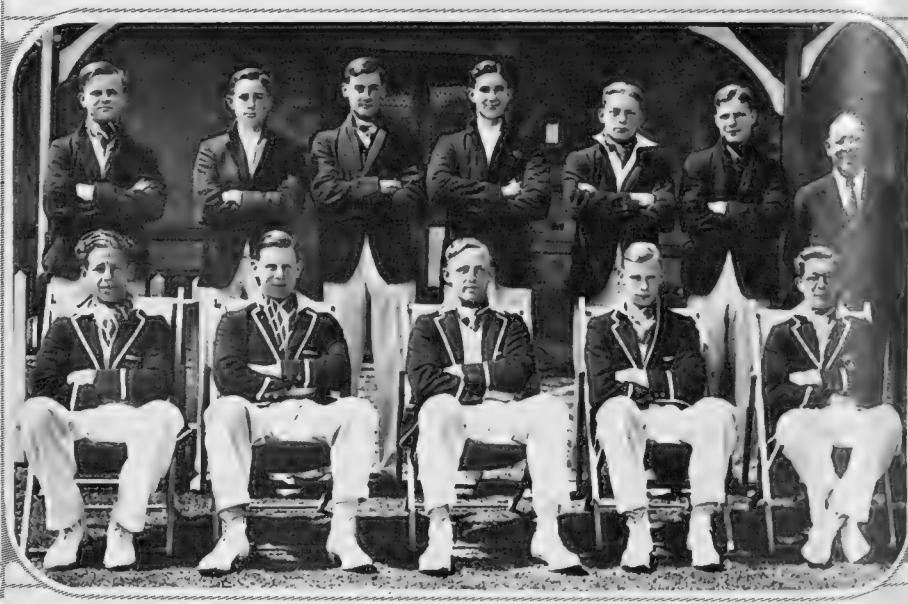
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It may be difficult to believe that all this has any direct connection with the moves to (a) pluck our fleet out of the Mediterranean and make us concentrate it in the Yellow Sea, and (b) fight a second Peninsula war. But you never can tell, and in the present situation no supposition can be classed as in any way fantastic. In America, where they are very quick thinkers, they have not allowed any grass to grow under their feet. Edgar Hoover, chief of the United States G-men, has been appointed to take charge of a new centralised counter-espionage campaign. Anti-spy measures are being taken on both Pacific and Atlantic seabords, and it is added that they consider that the present penalties (five to twenty years' imprisonment) are wholly inadequate to check the espionage, aircraft disasters, sabotage damage in other directions to war vessels and



AT DERBY'S NEW AIRPORT

Derby's new airport is at Burnaston, which is only about a fifteen-minute journey from the centre of the city. The opening ceremony was performed by the Minister for Air, Sir Kingsley Wood, who is not in the above snapshot. Those who are in it are Air Commodore R. Smart, Sir Charles Bruce-Gardener, chairman of Armstrong-Whitworth; Lady Bruce-Gardener, and another lady unnamed



TONBRIDGE SCHOOL XI.: A VERY GOOD SIDE

Tonbridge drew with the Blue Mantles on the school ground. They declared at 257 for 4 (Welford 104, not out). The enemy got 181 for 6. Tonbridge have so far beaten the Old Wykehamists and drawn with the town

The names above are: (l. to r., standing) G. R. Leahy, R. D. Bousfield, T. R. R. Wood, C. H. Pillman, J. M. Vernon, R. A. A. Smith, and A. Povey ("Pro"); (sitting) M. P. Rose-Price, J. A. Dew, P. G. C. Wood (captain), C. L. Welford, and J. L. Rampton

Pictures in the Fire

Scotland surely is not going to let Mr. Bacon have it all his own way, and Ireland may likewise have a word to say, for they have worn that garment for a good many centuries, and the pipers of the Irish Guards show us how they did it—and very becomingly, if one may say so. The next thing that some idol-smasher will tell us is that the Haggis was first made in Germany. As a Celt, even though not a Scottish one, I hope and trust that

By "SABRETACHE"



AT THE A.A. CAMP AT MANORBIE IN PEMBROKESHIRE

In the picture: Lieut.-Colonel A. L. Wood, C.O. 73rd A.A. Regiment, T.A., Colonel the Hon. Richard Lyttelton, Lord Cobham's brother Hon. Colonel, and Major W. M. Gayer, Instructor in Gunnery who was at the first part of this unit's training

The prudent thing to do, as it seems to most plain men and women, is to cleanse the Augean stable and wash out any persons who are aliens of dubious desirability and all persons who may be known to be consorting with them. The law, even if it be an ass, has a very useful and much-embracing word—*consortium*. It would be useful if all counter-espionage organisations



THE PEMBROKE COLLEGE BALL IN CAMBRIDGE MAYS WEEK

Unlike the shore folk who went to Ascot, the Amphibians at Cambridge had the best of weather for their operations afloat, and all the jollifications on land were also very good

In this group of "Pemmer" stewards and friends the names are: (l. to r., back) T. R. Juckles, Miss Nelia Bayon, J. M. Marshall, Miss Daphne Herzog, B. K. Thompson, and Miss Faith Porter; (seated) Miss Enid Bennett, R. A. Palmer, Miss Margaret Edyvean, Brian Danby (Hon. Sec.), Miss Maureen Stack, Dennis Forman, Miss Leslie Melville, and J. M. R. Paton

other material. If this is so, and if we are compelled to accept the fact that a state of White War exists in most parts of the world, surely it is only ordinary common sense to make the penalty the same as it is when a state of Red War exists? The enemy cannot have it both ways.

* * *

studied the meaning of that word very closely. The film, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, is also very informative, especially because it is founded upon the facts of a recent case of espionage upon a very extended scale.

* * *

Any measures which are being taken and which may seem to trench upon the liberties of the subject, I am sure would be cheerfully endured by the public, if they were told the reason for their necessity. That which is going on in America is prevalent in even greater intensity here.



THE BLUEMANTLES XI. v. TONBRIDGE SCHOOL

The invaders seem to have been lucky to avoid a defeat in their match with the school. They got 181 for 6 to the boys' 257 for 4 (declared). One of the team is not in the picture

The others are: (l. to r., back) A. H. Leach, L. R. Pettit, A. C. Austin, H. J. Higgs, C. C. Linton, and P. Winter (umpire); (seated) R. Muir-Little, F. S. Hay, A. Young (captain), D. G. Ansell, and M. J. Williams

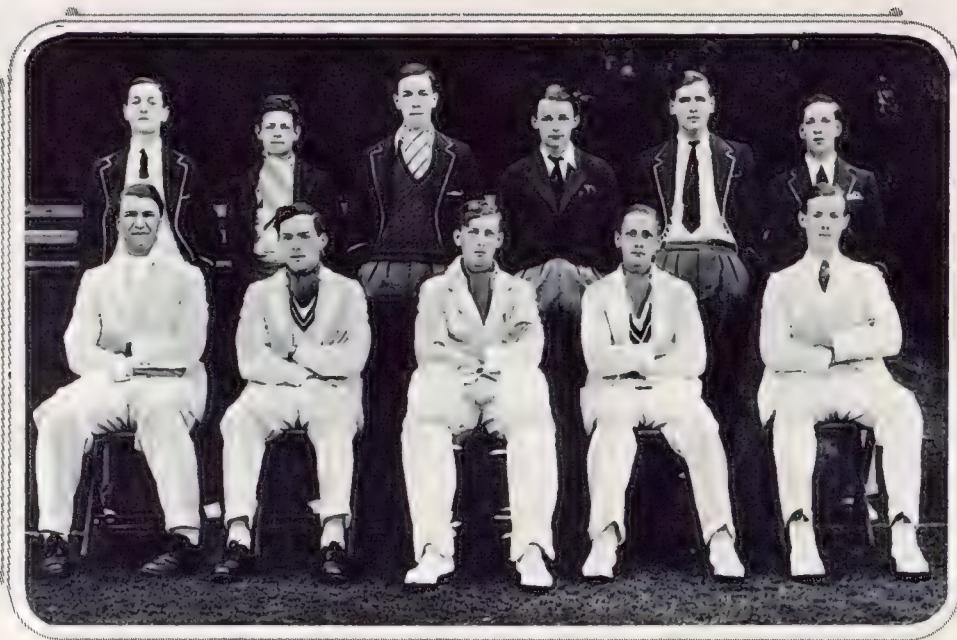


AT THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY GARDEN-PARTY

Sniped when on road to the tea tent: Miss W. Corbett-Winder, Mrs. R. R. Hardie, and Major R. B. L. Persse, O.C. Depot at Shrewsbury, where this annual fixture was held. The 1st Battalion of the regiment is at Bordon and the 2nd Battalion split up between Jamaica and Bermuda

KING WILLOW

AND SOME WHO



THE HARROW SCHOOL XI., WHICH DREW WITH MARLBOROUGH (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)
 (L. to r., standing) D. F. Henley, R. M. Boustead, D. C. H. McClean, P. E. E. Prideaux-Brune, G. F. Anson, J. L. Cowley; (sitting) L. E. W. Byam, F. C. Boult, A. O. L. Lithgow (captain; wicket-keeper of the team), E. Crutchley, E. G. A. Sotheron-Escourt



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE (UXBRIDGE) XI. v. THE CIVIL SERVICE
 (Back, included are, l. to r.) Woods (umpire), P./O. J. M. H. Jewell (Ternhill), P./O. J. F. Roberts (Padgate), P./O. G. H. B. Relton (Brize Norton), P./O. J. H. Sullivan (Cottesmore), Flt.-Lieut. G. L. Crickshanks (Drem), Cpl. R. H. Syrett (Halton); (front) Flt.-Lieut. D. Saward (Cranwell), Sq.-Ldr. A. C. H. Sharp (Uxbridge), Flt.-Lieut. R. C. Musson (Grantham; captain), Flt.-Lieut. H. E. Sales (Waddington), and Cpl. D. F. Cockle (Boscombe Down)



THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY TEAM

(Seated) Captain R. J. Hereford, Major R. B. L. Persse (O.C. Depôt), Captain D. Colville, Captain G. R. D. Musson, and Captain I. L. Reeves; (standing) Pte. Ellis, Q.M.S. Roberts, P. A. Phillips, Captain E. R. G. Ripley, L. Ellis, and Sergeant Roberts



SOME OF MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE'S
 (L. to r.) Charles Barnett (Gloucester and England), "Sand" Captain T. O. Jamieson (Hants), I. A. R. Peebles



LORD (TOMMY) GRAVES AND MISS KATHERINE KELLY AT CHARLIE CLARKE'S MATCH

ALSO LORD TENNYSON AND ENGLAND) AND STATE (SUSSEX AND

King Willow's enemy, the weather, notwithstanding, he has managed and in these pages are collected some of his many very loyal supporters. He holds "Cabinet" rank, as may fairly be said: witness the big match (Mr. P. G. H. Fender's) match, an annual contest played for the trophy at Horsham. Amongst the big guns in action were Walter Hammond, the King's own self. All proceeds always go to local charities and the King's money-bags were filled to bursting. The public always likes to have the privilege. Mr. Carroll Gibbons, who was amongst the gallery, according to the King, was a well-known dance-band leader. As to the Harrow and Marlborough match for the trophy, their captain, bagging 96 off the Harrow bowlers. He is enough to bet on in their match v. Eton. The Civil Service team is a sort of incubator for fliers and always hatches out a very lusty crew. A page was played during the K.S.L.I. week at their depot at Aldershot in the "Pictures in the Fir" series.

S HIGH NOON

ARE IN THE SUN

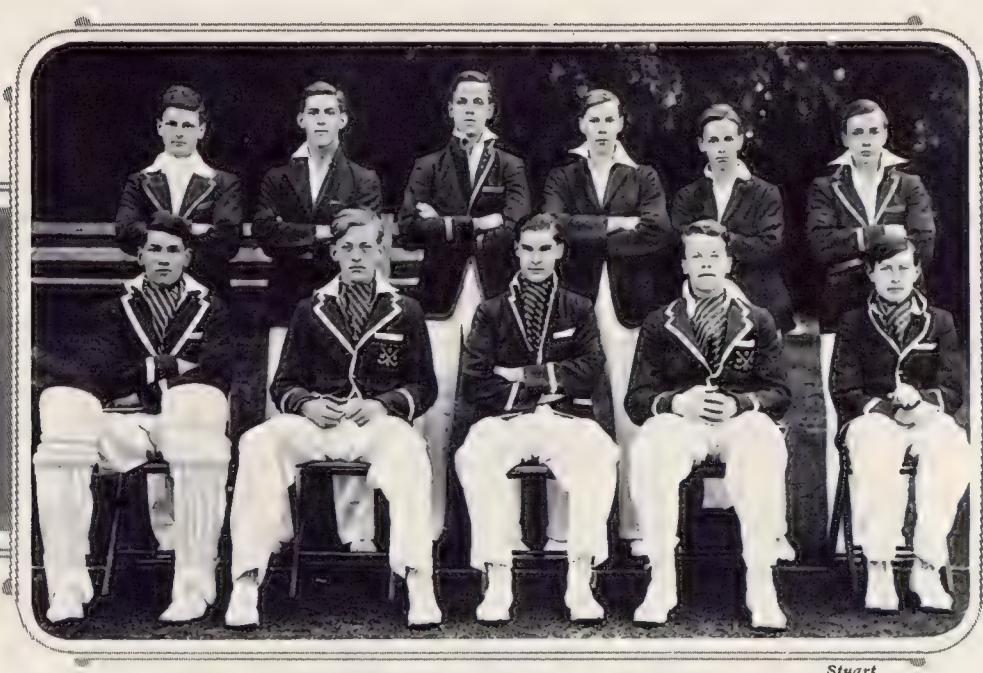


S "ELLENS" SIDE v. RUDGWICK
 (l. to r.) Clarke, G. O. Allen (Middlesex), Major Carlos Clarke,
 (Middlesex), Captain N. C. Tufnell (Surrey)



NYON (HANTS)
 AND MAURICE
 ENGLAND)
 LIKewise MR. AND MRS. CARROLL
 GIBBONS WATCHING THE "ELLENS"
 v. RUDGWICK MATCH

... imaged to wield his most alluring sceptre to some purpose, to a few of whom can claim to be in the "Ellens" (Major Carlos Clarke's) v. Rudwick party at Charlie Clarke's house, "Ellens," Rudwick, near London. G. O. Allen, I. A. R. Peebles, Lord Tennyson—Lionel P. F. Chapman, Garland-Wells, and, of course, "P. G. H." the Rendlesham Fund for N.H. Jockeys, and let us hope the Great and is never averse from paying for the party, accompanied by most attractive wife, is the Savoy Hotel (for teams see above), Marlborough declared at 300 for 9, Harrow got 129 for 5, which may or may not be good in a big concentration of R.A.F. at Uxbridge. Uxbridge is a big brood. The other match dealt with pictorially in these at Shrewsbury, and another snapshot touching on it appears in these pages in this issue.



THE MARLBOROUGH XI. v. HARROW
 (l. to r., standing) H. P. Sherman, R. P. Dashwood, W. J. Juckles, J. O. Strode, J. D. St. C. Harrison, C. J. Studdert-Kennedy; (sitting) J. B. H. Knight, G. J. Redfearn, D. G. Lacy-Scott (captain), J. R. Sale, B. R. Bland



THE CIVIL SERVICE XI. v. THE ROYAL AIR FORCE (UXBRIDGE)
 (Back row) G. Parsons (scorer), H. Rolfe, D. C. Smith, H. Armistead, J. G. Cook, R. B. Marsh, P. K. Broomfield (manager), T. H. Sinclair, and P. K. Barnes (umpire); (front row) F. J. Hughes, H. Delany, J. G. Heaslip (captain), C. Bush, and G. E. Kerr



THE GENTLEMEN OF SHROPSHIRE TEAM
 (Seated) F. R. Dobson, W. H. H. Dawson, L. W. Swinnerton Dyer (captain), Major L. E. Bury, C.B.E., and R. Akroyd; (in rear) Umpire, V. Sykes, M. Coaxton, G. E. Livock, W. E. Lawton, L. Jones and A. N. Other. Mr. Swinnerton Dyer is heir to the baronetcy. Major L. E. Bury is the Squire of Millichope

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

This made it a certainty that there would be a bit of fur flying, and so it proved. At no time, excepting at the end of the third chukker, did it look a battle that was likely to be won by a big margin. Then, however, the 12th were leading by 4 to 2 and were going very well indeed, and it seemed that they had the legs of the other side. At the end of the fourth the 12th were still going like a very good team, but the 10th had come upsides—four all. At the end of the fifth it was five all. Then came that last round of this hard-hitting and very well-ordered fight, in which all hands played strict, and also very good, polo. The 10th went off their tails as if they had a hornets' nest under them—level 6 all, 7—6, and then 8—6, and thoroughly well deserved, a game of credit to winners and losers alike, and of the kind that does a lot of good.

* * *

The whole tournament through, the form has been most encouraging, and it would be almost permissible to say amazing, because of two main deterrents: mechanisation and this high pressure of work which has been put upon every soldier, no matter to what arm he may belong. A goal analysis is always useful for reference, and also gives the short story of things in a condensed form, so here it is:

10th Royal Hussars :
0—1—1—2*—1—3 = 8
12th Royal Lancers :
1—1*—2—0—1—1* = 6
* Penalty goal.

* * *

As will be observed, it was nip and tuck all the way, and nearly gave some people a heart attack! I think the 12th were a bit the better-mounted side—in fact, I am sure that some of their ponies, notably some of their skipper's, must have evaded the notice of those who collected the International lot.

There was one bay pony Captain Horsbrugh-

Porter played that was fast enough to catch pigeons—built the right way, the right action, right down on the ground. From all that I hear and see, there were, and are, many here which would certainly have been better value for money than the Argentines, which never got into action at all. The 10th were a shade the better organised side, and they stayed better. The 12th, be it marked, had had a very gruelling match with the 15th/19th Hussars on the 13th, whereas the 10th Hussars had an easy time of it in their semi-final with the Life Guards, whom they beat 13 to 2, their really hard battle, against "The Delhi Spearmen" (9th Lancers), whom they beat 9 to 8, having been at Tidworth on June 3. So I think it can be said that the 10th came fresher to the fray than their very gallant opposite numbers. Captain Horsbrugh-Porter, the pivot of the 12th Lancers team, had likewise had a baddish fall only a short time before, and it did not look as if it had done him any good. He also got hurt in this match by a blow in the mouth. It did not, however, slow him down, for he was going as well at the finish as he was at the start.

* * *

Statistics and figures are always supposed to be rather dull things, but I do not think the ones I am about to give will be held to suffer from that complaint. During this Inter-Regimental final the 10th Hussars had 22 shots at goal to

(Continued on page ii)



THE 10th HUSSARS WIN THE INTER-REGIMENTAL

After as good a battle as we have seen for many a day, the 10th R.H. beat the 12th Lancers 8 to 6 in this year's Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham. It was their fourteenth win in all—four in England, ten in India.

The names are: (l. to r.) Captain M. N. E. Macmullen, Mr. J. W. Malet, Captain David Dawnay, and Captain J. P. Archer-Shee



THE 12th LANCERS—RUNNERS-UP

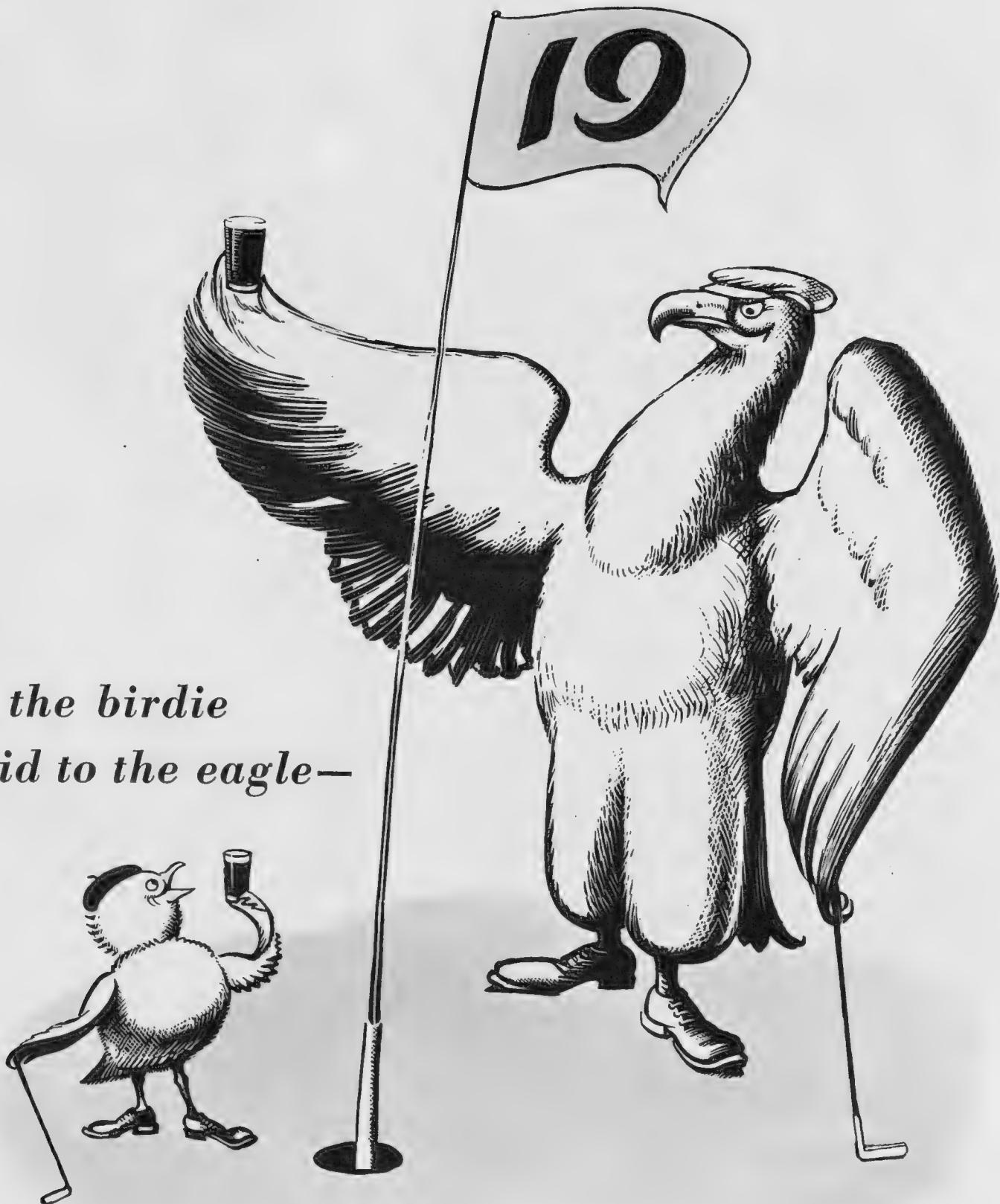
The 12th looked like winners in the first part of the battle (fully referred to in these notes), but in the last chukker the 10th Hussars came with a rush and just got up in time after a very exhilarating tussle

The names in the picture are: (l. to r.) Captain R. W. Hobson, Captain A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter, Captain W. G. Carr, and Captain G. J. Kidston

MANY congratulations to the 10th Hussars team and the Colonel and officers upon their fourteenth Inter-Regimental win by 8 to 6, and the manner of it. They had to work their passage all the way, and, candidly speaking, only won with a Chifney rush on the post from their old foemen, the 12th Lancers, who had put them out of this tournament last year at Tidworth 7 to 2, the two teams being to all practical intents and purposes the same. That 1938 result no one quite understood, because just a week before that the 10th had put the Bays down 4 to 1 and had given every indication of being in the right shape; but they never got going, and it was a one-horse race all the way. In the 1937 contest, which the 10th won from the 15th/19th Hussars by 8 to 3 with their toes in their boots, the form pertinent to this 1939 occasion is that the 10th had beaten the 12th in their tie at Tidworth 7 to 6 after almost as good a fight as we saw this year. The 12th were the 1936 winners, and the 10th had won the Indian Inter-Regimental of that year, beating the 19th K.G.O. Lancers—who were no slouch of a side, and, though beaten 7 to 3, went down biting hard. All this form is very interesting, because it is collateral to that which we have just seen in that very heartening fight on June 17 this year at Hurlingham. We knew that there would be a battle, and that there would be nothing in it either way. There was only one goal on handicap between the two, and the fact that right up to the sixth chukker it was just the spin of a coin is a great compliment to the dispenser of the weights and measures. Here are the actual figures:

10th Hussars : Macmullen (5), Malet (4), Dawnay (6), Archer-Shee (4) = 19.

12th Lancers : Kidston (3), Carr (4), Horsbrugh-Porter (6), Hobson (5) = 18.



*As the birdie
said to the eagle—*

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR GOLF

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

On one of those slippery days we were favoured with last winter a middle-aged man dashed out of the station to board a stationary bus. He was half-way across the pavement when he slipped up and slid to the bus, his legs going under the step and his hands and arms above it, just as he might have sat at a table.

The conductor looked down at him and said :

"Turned out nice again, ain't it? Tea or coffee, sir?"

* * *

"An' does your husband," asked the young Irish wife's mother, "still kiss ye mornin's when he laves the house?"

"He does that," replied the bride. "If he didn't he'd be in no condition to go to work at all."

* * *

It is sometimes difficult to fill a jury-box with persons wholly unprejudiced regarding the case to be heard. During a certain trial the judge asked McGinnis if he had formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

"Oi have not," replied the juror.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" was the next question.

McGinnis said emphatically: "Not in this case, yer honour."

* * *

He had dined rather well and came out of the restaurant very late at night. Seeing a taxi passing by, he hailed it and climbed in.

"Where to?" called back the driver.

"Where to?" said the passenger. "How long have you been on this job?"

"Twenty years."

"Twenty yearsh!" cried the inebriated one, "and you still ask me where to?"

"Certainly," replied the driver, with wonderful patience. "I drive hundreds of people around, and they all go to different places."

"Thatsh all ri'," came the passenger's reply, as he sank back on to the seat. "Drive me there, too."



THE ADVENTURES
OF "CHARLES"
MINOR

A Rufford fox cub who lives with his brothers and sisters in his home in the willows by the Halam Brook. Above, he takes a look out of the front door

THE scene was at the monthly meeting of the Literary Society, and the discussion had reached a high level. The assembled company had split itself into groups of kindred souls, each group continuing the discussion on its own lines.

Suddenly there was a lull. Thoughts had obviously become too deep for words, until out of the silence came the enthusiastic voice of a proud housewife revealing one of the secrets of her domestic success:

"Well, I always use soap-flakes."

* * *

Tommy came home from school with a black eye.

"What have you been up to?" his mother demanded.

"I've been fighting Johnny Briggs," Tommy confessed.

"Well, you take this cake and make friends."

Tommy did so, but later he came home with another black eye.

"Good gracious!" his mother exclaimed. "What's happened now?"

"He did it again," said Tommy sadly, "and he wants more cake to-morrow."

* * *

They were unloading cargo, part of which turned out to be cases of whisky. The bos'n in charge of the unloading, seeing this, shouted down the hold:

"Anyone down there got a corkscrew?"

A voice answered: "Yes, bos'n, I've got one."

"Well, come up out of it, then," yelled the bos'n.



SOMETHING'S AFOOT! : THE CAMERA CLICKED



A RECONNAISSANCE



ON THE LINE OF THE INVADER: "CHARLES'S" NOSE IS OF THE KEENEST

Photos: Howard Barrett

A Page for Summer

A sprey
of BOND STREET



Light coloured hide streamlined Lunch and Tea Case, with washable lining and cream coloured fittings, for 4 persons, £13.13.0



Asprey's Thermos Food Jar, exclusive design, fitted with 3 solid nickel containers. 1 gallon size. In black, green or cream - £6.16.6



Thermos Ice-tub, in dark oak with chromium fittings, or light oak with copper fittings - - £2.2.0

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Thermos Jug Set, consisting of 1½ pint jug, 2 glasses and tray, in black or green - - £2.15.0

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW AT ASPREYS

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

once more for British hopes!), for I have often thought in the past, when reading the subsequent tributes paid by public men and women to some departed comrade, how sad it is that such spontaneous messages of love and admiration are usually only released when the recipient is beyond mortal hearing. And on this occasion what tributes they were—from all over the world! I liked particularly the one sent by Jean Borotra, for it expressed so simply, and yet so vividly, what a tremendous loss Wallis Myers will be to the cause of furthering peace through international sport.

The *Entente Cordiale* is very strong at this moment, but at the time when Wallis founded the International Club, and embarked upon the annual fixtures of matches between London and Paris, France and England were at growing loggerheads, and one can't help wondering whether the gesture of sporting comradeship made by one man did not play its own part in bringing about a renewed understanding and mutual sympathy between the two nations. Far-fetched . . . do you think? I wonder. Someone has got to make the first move. Wallis Myers made it. And he will always be remembered by his unfailing enthusiasm, so that each new team match seemed to be the only match; each encounter between the two sides the best encounter; each Wimbledon to produce new champions and new memories worthy to add to the unique line of his own experiences. And here he left behind a lesson that should be of service, not only to other students of any game, but to a far wider circle—to all students of life itself. Although he had such a varied storehouse of memories, never once did I hear him belittle the achievements of the present by reference to the past; never once to suggest that it was "the good old times" that mattered, and that the present occupants of the Centre Court were puny fellows compared with the Wildings and the Renshaws and the McLoughlins and the Johnstons. You may argue, how could he do that, when the new line of champions contained such names as Cochet and Lacoste, Budge and Vines?; but the fact remains that in every other branch of life you will too often find men and women, as they grow older, pooh-poohing the present, the living moment, as they tend more and more to fall back on garrulous, inaccurate, and exaggerated reminiscences of "the good old days." *Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume . . .* one can understand the sentiment of that philosophy, but it is a very dangerous one, nevertheless. I remember Ivor Novello, who grows younger every year with each new achievement he brings off with such spectacular courage, confessing to me once that he was positive that the only people who grew old were those who had been bored in their youth. Well, certainly Wallis Myers was never bored—whether he was sitting in the members' stand at Wimbledon, or in his favourite chair on the pavilion steps at Queen's Club, whose summer tournament was a greater success than ever this year, or playing himself in a ding-dong handicap doubles match in the South of France with "Mr. G." on the other side of the net, guarding his sideline . . . I never once caught him yawning. Never once in the course of your public life to be caught yawning! Why, there's a whole philosophy in a single line. There's an epitaph that needs no further addition.

I could write my whole article this week enumerating the different reasons for which Wallis Myers will be missed. For instance, there was the world ranking list that he compiled at the end of each season, and which was quoted and studied all the world over. And rightly so. By the way, I see that official L.T.A. ranking lists in this country are to be indefinitely suspended. Personally, I think that is an excellent decision. They have always in the past made for jealousy, gnashing of frustrated teeth, sulkiness, and, worst of all, a kind of unsporting canniness that was much to be deplored, though easily understood. *Facilis descensus Averno* (how classical we are being this week!) cuts both ways. Once having secured a place in the favoured list, it was only human to want to cling on as long as possible, and only natural to avoid, as often as could be, the challenge of those pressing hard upon your heels. Especially was this the case with the players who had secured the first half-dozen places on the ladder. How coquettish they were in their choice of tournaments, avoiding, wherever was possible, meeting their ranked fellows, so much so that after the entry of a

(Continued on page x)



J. TREHEARNE, BILL TILDEN, AND HELEN JACOBS WATCH THE LONDON CHAMPIONSHIPS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

This year the challenge for the singles championship is exceptionally strong, judged, that is, by present-day standards, and must be particularly interesting to Bill Tilden, who is a past holder. Queen's Club was H. W. Austin's first appearance for some time, and he was certainly not up to his old form, but he beat K. Lavarack 6-4, 6-2 in the first round of the men's singles. G. Von Cramm also won his two matches 6-1, 6-0 against Singh Sahib. Helen Jacob's most recent appearance was in the Herefordshire Championships, where, unfortunately, she had to scratch, owing to a damaged ankle.

THIS year's Wimbledon has had a shadow cast across the glory of its green perfection. Someone will be missing from the members' club whose absence will leave a gap that can never be filled. How many fellow-enthusiasts for the game, coming back to life at the end of some particularly thrilling encounter between two seeded players, will automatically exclaim to themselves, as in previous years, "I must ask Wallis's opinion of that"? And how many times myself, scurrying from court to court to be in at the death of every vital, fluctuating battle, will I expect to find at my side that long, hardy figure, like a caricature by Max Beerbohm—missing nothing, remembering everything, but never too preoccupied with his comparisons, his masterly analyses, to say a few courteous words to other students, so much lesser and younger than himself. And now Wallis Myers is dead, and we shall never see his like again. For, without any possible contradiction, he was the greatest critic the game has yet produced, or is ever likely to produce.

I only came to know Wallis Myers at all intimately in the last few years of his life, and I was never within the close circle of friendship that embraced his favourite members of the International Club that he himself founded, and which became the love of his later years, but when I picked up the *Daily Telegraph* the other day and found myself confronted with the shock of his obituary notice, I had at least the consoling knowledge that a fortnight earlier I had paid a glowing tribute to his unique talents on this page, and received a charming message from him in reply. I shall always feel happy that this tribute was paid within his lifetime, and before the chill set in that he caught watching the French championships (and what a death-bed Auteuil has proved



THERE are days when you are inspired and your strokes are truly made. And there are days when everything goes wrong and the sun merely gets in your eyes. To both kinds of day the clubhouse holds an answer; for there, gloriously cool and reviving after the game, Whitbread's superb Pale Ale awaits you—in compliment or consolation.



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THE GUARDS' BOAT



MR. JOHN HOBHOUSE AND THE HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER BRAVE THE GARDEN



MRS. MICHAEL STRATTON TAKES A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE WITH MR. R. DUCAS



LORD BRIDPORT ENJOYS A CIGARETTE IN THE COMPANY OF LADY CADOGAN



THE HON. MICHAEL FITZALAN-HOWARD WITH MISS BETTY MORTON



MR. AND MRS. HERIOT MAITLAND AND MISS JUNE NOEL

The Guards' Club again gave their always-successful dance at the Boat Club, Maidenhead, to which crowds of people came on from Ascot. This spot with the river running at the bottom of the garden is about the most ideal place for a dance in the country when it is fine, but unfortunately owing to our spotty June weather most people found that a few minutes outside was more than enough. However, a few hardy souls did do a bit of gentle oaring, or perhaps punting would be nearer the mark. Lord Churston's second sister, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, and Mr. John Hobhouse were one of the couples who braved the garden, despite the chilly evening, as did Lord Bridport and Lady Cadogan. Lord Cadogan is a subaltern in the Coldstream (Reserve). The Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard, who is a second son of Baroness Beaumont, is an ensign in the Scots Guards, and his brother, Miles, holds the same rank in the Grenadiers. Lord Amherst of Hackney is a captain in the Blues, and Lord Grenfell, who succeeded to the title in 1925, used to be in the K.R.R.C. Mrs. Claude Leigh was wearing quite the most lovely dress and jewellery in the room. After the sloppy time everyone had had who went racing at the Royal Meeting, a good indoor party like this came as a pleasant relief. The dance was on the evening of Hunt Cup Day, which was not much better from the weather point of view than the rest

DANCE TIME FOR LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY AND MISS SUMAREZ



MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH TAKES A LIGHT FROM JONKHEER E. L. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS



LORD GRENFELL SITS ONE OUT WITH MISS HESTER LOYD



Gentlemen! *your Johnnie Walker —*

That's what we call service! However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Why is Johnnie Walker so refreshing? Because every whisky in the blend—and that includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special individual quality, which is actually enhanced by the blending. If it's a matter of men's doubles—make them Johnnie Walker.







JUNE LANG AS JEANETTE DUPRÉ PLAYS
FEMININE LEAD IN "CAPTAIN FURY"

Australia of the years around 1840 is the setting of *Captain Fury*, Hal Roach's latest film, which opens at the London Pavilion on July 3. Its stars are Brian Aherne in the title rôle, Victor McLaglen as Blackie, Paul Lukas as François Dupré, and June Lang as Jeanette Dupré, the feminine lead. Incidentally, Paul Lukas's most recent triumph—and what a piece of acting!—was as Dr. Kassel in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. The story of *Captain Fury* deals with exciting incidents in the colonisation of the island continent which arise when some of the convict labourers revolt against harsh working conditions, and defend the poorer settlers against the licensed banditry of unscrupulous land-grabbers. Others in the cast are John Carradine, George Zucco, Douglas Dumbrille and Virginia Field

AUSTRALIA OF THE 'FORTIES COMES TO LIFE ON THE SCREEN IN "CAPTAIN FURY"



JUNE LANG IN A SCENE WITH BRIAN AHERNE, IN THE TITLE-RÔLE

ONE JUMP AHEAD

By JOHN KENT

NOW that, at last, it had come to a show-down, Paul Craven felt only relief. The fear which had dogged him these last three years had gone: reality replaced anticipation, and he was able to look his adversary squarely in the face across the narrow table of the dispensary. He was even able to smile.

Jerome Fyle, medical officer in charge of the District of Mangalpur, thrust aside the litter on the table in front of him and settled down to enjoy himself.

"I can hardly congratulate you on your arrangements, Craven," he started. Then, as Craven made neither excuse nor protest, he went on: "Nineteen deaths yesterday: it's not exactly encouraging."

"Twenty-seven died the day before and over thirty on Monday. The death-rate is declining. It's like that with cholera. We're getting the epidemic in hand, but it's been a hard fight. . . ."

Jerome shrugged. He shifted his cheroot to the corner of his mouth and said abruptly: "I saw Libby on my way up here."

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing. I thought you might possibly be interested in news of her. After all, she's your wife—now."

"Listen, Jerome. You can go too far," Craven said. For the first time he showed emotion. "Better leave Libby out of this."

"Better, perhaps, if you had decided to do that about three years ago, my friend," Jerome smiled.

He stooped to adjust the creases in his spotless white drill trousers. His immaculate suit was in striking contrast to Doctor Paul Craven's stained and rumpled khaki. But the younger man had had no time for the niceties of toilet these last ten days. His unshaven chin and red-rimmed eyes testified to the strain of his tireless fight against cholera. Fifteen hours of sleep during those ten days had ill-equipped him for this interview with his rival. He was beaten before he started.

"Damn you, Fyle," he cried sharply; "isn't it time you forgot all that? You've hunted us from London till you've driven us to ground here, in Assam, on the borders of Tibet. Aren't you satisfied yet?"

The high note which crept into his voice showed that fear was returning. He rose from his chair, trying to steady himself. But Jerome Fyle only laughed.

"Three years ago," he said deliberately, "when we were both in practice in Sussex, I had to call you in when Libby was ill. I didn't want to, but professional etiquette demanded that I should have her treated by another doctor. Your conduct, as you admitted later, was unprofessional."

"You forced that signed admission out of me before you would release Libby. If you'd let us clear out to the States—"

"Don't be a fool, Craven. You seem to forget Libby is an American citizen. You'd never have made the States, unless, perhaps, you intended setting up practice on Ellis Island. If you'd managed to get farther than that there was the Mann Law: I'd have made very sure it was enforced against you."

"Libby was engaged to me before you came to Sussex . . . before you stole her from me and married her. Before you ruined my practice by opening in opposition to me."

Craven was on the defensive now. He was almost pleading. That had been the trouble all along: Jerome Fyle had always managed to establish a mastery over him. Even now . . .

"But for all that, Craven, Libby happened to be my wife when you attended her. That she decided to leave me was unfortunate — for you."

"It was the luckiest — the only lucky — break I ever had. But must we go over all this? You've kept up this relentless pressure long enough. Can't you let us alone now?"

"Why the hell should I, Craven? I've got you where I want you; it rather amuses me to hear you squeal. Ever since we met I've kept one jump ahead of you. I propose maintaining that position. When you thought I'd relented; when I told you of this appointment as planters' doctor out here, you jumped at the offer. Of course, you weren't to know I'd already been made medical officer of this district, and you'd come here as my subordinate. You just thought it was a chance of escaping from me, you poor fools. Well, it wasn't: (Continued on page 604)



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS DIANA BULTEEL

The attractive eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. John Bulteel, of Pamfleete, Devon. Miss Bulteel, a niece of Miss Elizabeth Bulteel, who has been Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice for forty-five years, has been studying painting in Munich and Florence for the past two years, and is to be presented at one of the July Courts

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY



Champions of to-morrow, photographed on the G.R.A. Staffordshire breeding grounds. For each tiny puppy it is kindergarten. Untouched by human hands, watched over with kindly understanding, he is free to develop physically, enjoying his play on the wild heathered moorlands.

Not until the time comes for him to transfer to the famous G.R.A. kennels at Northaw, Middlesex, does the puppy's "higher education" begin . . . wearing a dog's collar, learning to lead, breaking from the trap—in fact, learning to race. Gradually, in this great school of experience, he develops into a polished racing greyhound flashing round the White City Racecourse at nearly 40 m.p.h.

ONE JUMP AHEAD—(Continued from page 602)

I was still one jump ahead; and I haven't nearly finished with you yet, Craven."

" You trapped us here, but I can still resign."

" No, I shouldn't do that. My condition for releasing Libby so that you could marry her was your signed statement admitting unprofessional conduct. I can still use that if you are unwise enough to return to England. And, apart from that, I somehow doubt if you 'll go, after. . . ."

He paused significantly, and Craven raised weary, questioning eyes.

" It was a pity you had to leave Libby back at Mangalpur when you opened this temporary cholera camp up here."

Craven continued to stare. He seemed to be trying to brace himself against a threatened blow. Jerome Fyle went on smoothly:

" Without your presence and influence, Craven, she struck me as being—how shall I put it?—restless."

" She's not ill?"

" Oh, no; in fact, she seemed more cheerful than usual. Of course, I may have been wrong, but she had an air of relief—perhaps she has had too much of your company lately. Anyhow, I was able to talk to her for a couple of hours before I had to come on here to inspect this camp, and—"

He broke off and smiled sympathetically at Craven.

" And—?" Craven prompted.

" She asked me to give you this," Jerome concluded, pushing a tightly-folded note across the table. He sat back, still smiling, as Craven unfolded the sheet of Libby's well-remembered notepaper.

She always used the red ribbon on her typewriter, " on account of it makes me think faster." Well, it must have made her think very fast to inspire the few brief lines which blurred before Craven's eyes.

For she told him she was through: she thought she could take it, but Jerome had won. She couldn't face a future at Mangalpur; a future clouded by continual threats to their happiness. Perhaps if her husband had possessed greater courage he might have dispelled those threats, but, as it was, she had decided to leave for England by the next boat. . . .

Paul Craven dropped his head on his folded arms. For a while Jerome continued to smile down at him. Then:

" Bad news?" he asked casually.

And when Paul did not reply he went on: " Pull yourself together, Craven. Better mix yourself a drink. This is no way to behave. There's whisky on that shelf behind you. You 'll feel better."

Paul rose and went listlessly to the shelf. He held up the bottle to the light.

" There's enough for a couple of stiff pegs," Jerome said. " Pour one out for each of us. I rather think we both deserve one."

While Craven poured out the drinks and brought them to the table Jerome continued to smile at him. But by now his smile was patently a sneer.

" Wouldn't it be better," he suggested, as Paul dropped back into his chair, " to try to speak to Libby? There's a line to Mangalpur, I suppose?"

For the first time since he had read the note Paul seemed to show a faint interest. He crossed to the wall telephone in the corner and tried to get through. But the line was out of order. The operator was apologetic: to-morrow, perhaps, it would be repaired.

" Too bad," Jerome said. " I should try again later. Well, here's to better luck in the future."

He drained his glass and set it down in front of him. Paul looked at him queerly, then:

" Better luck," he echoed.

His empty glass slipped through his fingers and splintered on the floor, and Jerome laughed.

" You're a poor kind of fool, Craven," he said. " I knew that telephone line was down when I suggested you should call Libby. I noticed the break on my way up. But, as usual, you fell for it. Just as you fell for that note from Libby, Craven. That note is a forgery: I know Libby's style and signature almost as well as I know my own. As a matter of fact she refused even to see me when I called at your place on my way here. She's as loyal to you as she's always been, damn her! I only faked that note in an effort to give you a bad quarter of an hour."

" You blasted swine!" Craven grated, half-rising from his chair.

" Take it easy, Craven. I haven't finished yet. May I suggest that in future you take greater precautions in your plans? You see, your reflection in the glass jars along the back of that shelf was fairly clear, even from here. So I had no difficulty in seeing you reach down the jar labelled 'As₂O₃' while you mixed the drinks. And, of course, the symptoms of cholera and white arsenic poisoning are almost identical, aren't they? And there's no time for post-mortems during a cholera epidemic with nineteen deaths a day. And I doubt if there are any antidotes for arsenic poisoning in this temporary camp, even if one wanted them, Craven."

He paused to glance tauntingly at his dumbly staring adversary. Then his voice suddenly hardened, and he continued:

" Pretty smart work, Craven, but not quite smart enough. I wanted to goad you with that letter, but I hardly thought I'd succeed in goading you to murder. Stop! There's just one thing you overlooked. You failed to remember that I am always one jump ahead. And so, you fool, when I sent you to that telephone I took the elementary precaution of changing our glasses. How many grains have you swallowed, Craven? It'll be interesting to watch. . . ."

But Paul Craven had staggered to his feet and was gazing incredulously down at the man before him.

" You changed the glasses?" he said. Then he started to laugh weakly. " You misjudged me, Jerome. I didn't contemplate murder. You'd driven me too far for that. I thought suicide was the only way out. You're still one jump ahead—into eternity!"



MRS. J. B. PAGET AND HER DAUGHTERS AND HER GRANDSON

A very domesticated group taken at Mrs. G. W. Carleton-Paget's house, more or less in honour of John Byng Oswald Carleton-Paget (seen in his mother's lap). Mrs. Carleton-Paget is Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's elder daughter. Mrs. Paget is on the left, and her younger daughter, Miss Anne Paget, is on the right, her engagement to Mr. Desmond Reid having been announced last week

This England . . .



Withypool, Somerset.

THOUGH its name be clumsy yet is there risen a good and subtle thing in this England. "Rural bias" it is called—a device whereby some worthy educational authorities are seeking to broaden the minds of their charges. For if England's cities are become important, she cannot live by them alone. And is not the little motor car beneficent in the same degree, in that it frees the people to go about their lovely heritage, to learn again an understanding of the country life? For in such measure as we become farm and country conscious is our contact with the past maintained and the strength of England renewed. And if this gentle schooling weary you, is there not Worthington at your halt—old-fashioned, English and itself devised for the renewing of England's strength.



AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Missed Opportunity.

IN spite of clique-like cries of "They can't do it," the Americans continue to run their air service across the Atlantic and so to forestall Imperial Airways on the very route on which that company tried so hard not to be forestalled. It is in part the result of the recent Imperial Airways concentration on corporation-forming. The heads of the company, involved in the intricacies of business mergers, have not had time to attend to the acceleration of technical progress. One result is that the British company has lost the best chance ever offered to a national air-line company. By developing the composite aircraft it had the opportunity of starting an express mail service between England and Canada before any other Atlantic service. It threw that opportunity away. So we have the paradox that Sir John Reith was put into the company and other people were turned out in order to accelerate technical progress at the expense—if necessary—of business progress, and the result is acceleration of business progress at the expense of technical progress! There can be no question that while all this merger planning has been going on, there has been almost no acceleration of technical progress.

But everybody seems to be delighted. Even the Members of Parliament who were so stirred about Imperial Airways' technical backwardness—as they called it—that they had the Cadman Committee set up seem now to be quite happy. Which is an indication of how much or how little they know of what is going on in aviation. Personally, I shall not forget that, in the composite aircraft, we managed to steal a march on every other country in the matter of civil air-line equipment and that we entirely omitted to make use of that advantage. No mergers and corporations will ever make up for that loss.

Getting Rid of Rudder Bars.

If, say many people, you could steer an aeroplane like you steer a car, by means of a simple hand-wheel, instead of by a combination of stick and rudder bar, you would go a long way towards making flying easier and pleasanter, especially for the novice. The elevator would then be worked by the ordinary back-and-forward movement of the column on which the wheel was mounted. The method has been tried several times in this country and in America, and it has sometimes been reported on very favourably. I think it likely that it will make more rapid progress in the near future. The method goes well with the tricycle undercarriage, especially when the steerable front wheel is linked up with the steering-wheel to give control when taxi-ing.

Expert pilots occasionally complain that the two-control method does not admit of accurate flying, and that is, to some extent, true. The rudder bar is essential if absolutely correct turns are to be made at all speeds and all angles of bank. But for private flying and some sorts of club flying, correctness is necessary only to the degree safety demands. If a turn made by the two-control method is inaccurate, it is of no importance provided it is safe. It is claimed for the latest forms that two-control turns are safe.

Test Flying.

AS I am broadcast to-day on the subject of test flying, it has been in my mind recently a good deal. The thing that has astonished me most of all is the ignorance that exists even in aviation about the duties of a test pilot. Actually, I believe that they are so important that a good test pilot can "make" an aircraft constructing company. I also believe that, without a good test pilot, an aircraft constructing company has very

little chance of success. Test flying is, generally speaking, the antithesis of what it is made out to be in the American films. In those films the test pilot seems to offer one of the few remaining opportunities to get some emotion into the picture. Almost every emotion other than that of factitious anxiety, brought about by the representation of narrow escapes from death, is banned from the pure, milk-bar films of England and the United States of America. The consequence is that the test pilot is made to spend all his filmic time in "9 g" pull-outs and that sort of thing.

Real test work consists first of all in getting accurate figures for an aeroplane's ordinary performance. This is a long, difficult and entirely unspectacular job, consisting mainly of trying to fly with great accuracy, read innumerable instruments, and write down the readings all at the same time. But beyond this there is the critical faculty.

Training.

A Brooklands report, which I failed to find room for last week, states that the Master Instructor's Diploma (a distinction awarded by the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire) has been given to Captain Duncan Davis and Mr. Ken Waller. Both of them have done well over 4000 hours of instructing.

The King's Cup.

ARRANGEMENTS for this year's King's Cup Air Race at Birmingham, on September 2, are such that there will be, in effect, seven races in the day. These will include the heats and final for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy, which is to be competed for for the first time this year.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR AT SYWELL AERODROME

Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air, recently paid a short visit to Sywell Aerodrome, Northants, to inspect the R.A.F. Reserve Training School there. In the above group are seen, l. to r.: Capt. I. W. C. MacKenzie (Chief Instructor), Sir Edward Campbell, M.P. (Parliamentary Private Secretary, Air Ministry), Air-Commodore C. W. Smith (O.C. the Reserve Command), Group-Captain J. C. Halahan (Commandant, Northampton R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve), Sir Kingsley Wood, Mr. C. M. Newton (Managing Director, Sywell Aerodrome, Ltd.), and Flight-Lieutenant E. C. Goldsmith (Deputy Chief Instructor).



AIRWOMAN PREPARES FOR LONG VOYAGE

Miss Winifred Brown, the Manchester airwoman who won the King's Cup Air Race in 1930, has written thrilling stories of her adventures at sea in her book, "Duffers on the Deep," which has just been published. In her 30-ft. yawl "Perula," she and a companion, Mr. Adams, who acts as deckhand, engineer and general factotum, will shortly be setting out from the Menai Straits for Norway and Spitzbergen. Miss Brown's Norwegian friends insist that she travels in a larger boat from Norway to Spitzbergen, which she hopes to hike across.

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THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON BANQUET: BY "MEL"

This was the 155th dinner of the famous Society whose corporate existence dates from 1778. This banquet at Grosvenor House was in every respect worthy of its occasion. The objects of the Society are, amongst other things, to preserve the martial spirit, language, dress, music, and antiquities of the Ancient Caledonians—and right well has it done it. The chair was taken by the President, Colonel Sir Colin W. MacRae of Feoirlinn, and the guest of honour was H.R.H. the Duke of Kent who proposed the toast, "The Highland Society of London." There were about two hundred and fifty members and guests present.

The names in the picture are, reading from left to right: Sir St. Clair Thomson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.S.; Sir Murdoch Macdonald, K.C.M.C., C.B., M.P.; Air-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, K.C.B., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Admiral Sir Edward Evans, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O. (Evans of "The Broke"); Colonel Sir Colin MacRae of Feoirlinn, C.V.O., C.B.E., V.L., President; Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. David J. Colville, P.C., T.D., M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland; the Earl of Mansfield; and General Sir Archibald Cameron, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G.

Starting 'em Young.

JOHN GEOFFREY PUGH, who wields the bat and racket as deftly as he conducts the Atco motor-mower business, has had a brainwave. It's not surprising, as he comes of brainy stock. Years ago his father, C. Vernon Pugh, known as the silver-tongued orator of the cycle trade, did for cycling what my Lords Austin, Nuffield, and Perry have done for the motor industry—i.e., produced machines at prices that the multitude could afford to pay. His uncle, John Pugh, invented the Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheel at one time universally used on racing cars on account of its lightness, strength, and easy change. He was also responsible for the Rudge motor-cycle, the first of its kind to cover 60 miles in the hour and the setter-up of many records. So you see that technical ability, as applied to transport, and commercial acumen run in the Pugh family.

Well, Geoffrey Pugh's brainwave is daringly original and prophetic in conception. For he has designed, built, tested and planned a quantity-production factory for a machine he christens the Atco Junior Safety-first Trainer. It is a motor-car in miniature, not to be confused with Doodlebugs, toy cars or those tricky little runabouts you see on the pleasure beaches. No; it's an extraordinarily safe and simplified small car, and it costs £35. It is intended to be used for training children in the acquisition of a proper road sense and in the appreciation of the control and management of power and real live machinery. The idea is that with the march of civilisation it will be just as important for the youth of the nation to be power- and mechanically-conscious as it is for them to excel in games—i.e., physical fitness, and work. Thus, if this Trainer idea catches on, the present million-a-year output of children will be built up into a body of people who will give automatically really serious consideration

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

to driving. So that the whole standard of proficiency will increase and there will be an immense gain in all-round safety.

The market for this children's training car is much wider than one would suspect at first sight. State, preparatory, and even public schools may well install

them as part of their standard equipment, just as they feature gymnasias, swimming-pools, sports grounds, and laboratories. Families of some substance and possessed of largish grounds will have facilities on the spot where their young people can practise driving and acquire safety-first road-sense. Even the motoring schools might start junior classes with the aid of this Trainer. The problem of where to practise has been settled most practically by the Atco organisation, which has produced plans for training grounds from the size of a tennis court upwards.

I Try the Trainer.

Some months ago I tested the first Trainer. I sat on it instead of in it, for the single seat is designed for children only. The tiny two-stroke engine started easily. At the maximum speed of a jog-trot I whirled the car round from one full lock to another, forwards on its one gear, then in reverse. I bumped it over rough ground, braked furiously and could not turn it over. Safety first was certainly the keynote of the design of this jolly garden tourer.

90-m.p.h. Ford "Ten" Racer.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Ford Gymkhana was a 10-h.p. 90-m.p.h. single-seater racer. Originally it was built for one of Edsel Ford's sons and later on was presented to Sir Malcolm Campbell. The car was built at the Ford factories and weighs about nine cwt. The engine is basically similar to that fitted to the Prefect.



A STAR AND HER CAR

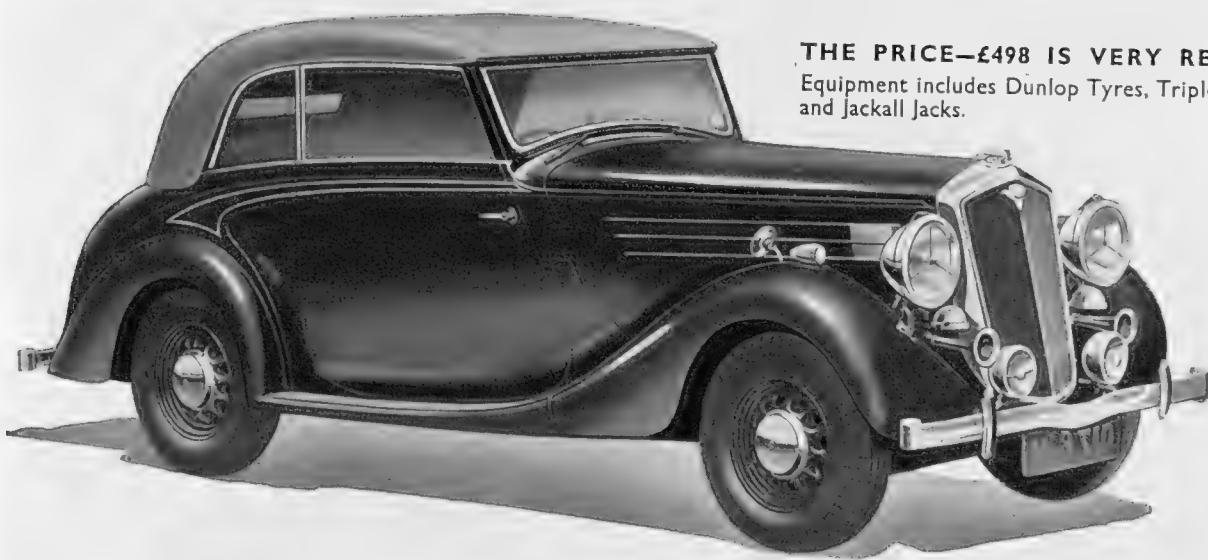
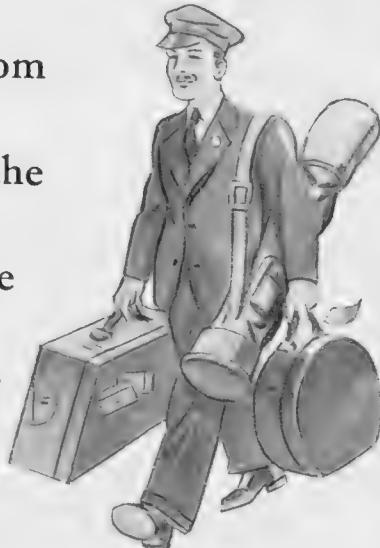
Betty Frankiss, who has a leading part in that great show at the Victoria Palace, *Me and My Girl*, which looks as if it is going to outdo *French Without Tears*, has just bought a new Buick "Regal" with a very smart drop-head coupé body. She is seen in the above photograph just about to go for a run in her new acquisition.



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THIS is the ideal all-the-year-round car. The hood seals tight. There is plenty of room at the back in spite of a short wheelbase which gives the car amazing cornering qualities. Performance is quite phenomenal, high maximum speed, astonishing acceleration yet quiet docility in traffic. The body lines are very beautiful and the winding quarter lights prevent your passengers feeling cooped up.



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Equipment includes Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Glass
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Some July Weddings.

On July 19, Viscount Cowdray will marry Lady Anne Bridgeman at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and on the 24th is the wedding of the Earl of Hopetoun and Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney. This ceremony will be at Westminster Abbey. Another London wedding, on July 11, is that of Sir Giles Loder, Bt., and Miss Marie Symons-Jeune which takes place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at 2.15 p.m.

* * *

Recent

Engagements. Lieutenant J. R. G. Trechman, R.N., only son of the late J. E. Trechman and of Mrs. Trechman of Pear Tree Cottage, Sarratt, Hertfordshire, and Phyllis Morva, only child of Lieut.-Col.

The elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Keane, C.B.E., of County Waterford, and of Mrs. Keane, Cadogan Court, S.W.3, who is engaged to Mr. H. J. Delmege, youngest son of the late Mr. J. O'Grady Delmege, and Mrs. Delmege, of Castle Park, County Limerick

J. B. and the Hon. Mrs. Dalzell Hunter, Ormonde Gate, Chelsea; Pilot Officer G. S. C. Holliday, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Holliday, Headington, near Oxford, and Doreen, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. Harrison-Broadley, Tickton Grange, near Beverley; Mr. J. B. T. Judd, His Majesty's Consular Service, only son of J. M. Judd, of Penarth, and the late Mrs. Judd, and Cynthia Margaret Georgina, younger daughter of Sir Henry White-Smith and Winfred Lady White-Smith, of Saunton Court, Braunton, N. Devon; Major G. C. G. Grey, Royal Artillery, elder son of the late Sir Duncan Grey, LL.D. and Lady Grey, of Windgarth, Weston-super-Mare, and Sybil, youngest daughter of Mr. J. J. Jackson Barstow, D.L., J.P. and the late Mrs. Jackson Barstow, The Lodge, Weston-super-Mare

and Acomb, York; Dr. J. P. Child, M.A., Oxon., B.M., M.R.C.P., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Child, and Margot Janet Laurie, only child of Sir Hubert Bond, K.B.E., F.R.C.P., and Lady Bond, Portland Place, Brighton; Mr. E. A. Sims, youngest son of the late Rear-Admiral William Sowden Sims, U.S.N., G.C.M.G., and of Mrs. Sims, of Newport, R.I., U.S.A., and Dorothea, eldest daughter of

Roger Bigelow Merriman, Master of Eliot House, Harvard University, and Mrs. Merriman. The marriage will take place early in August at King's Chapel, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. A. E. J. Carr, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Carr, of Remenham, Birchington, and Elizabeth Constance, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hope-Jones, of Eton College, Windsor; Lieutenant D. S. Massey-Dawson, R.N., only son of the late Mr. C. G. Massey-Dawson and Mrs. Massey-Dawson, of Lindfield, Sussex, and Jean Mary, elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. K. Hamilton-Campbell, D.S.O., D.L., and Mrs. Hamilton Campbell, of Netherplace, Ayrshire; Mr. D. Keir, son of the late Rev. Thomas Keir of Lauder and Dumfries, and of Mrs. Keir, and Thelma, only daughter of the late W. M. Cazalet and of Mrs. Cazalet, of Fairlawne, Tonbridge; Captain J. D. P. Macpherson, Royal Army Medical Corps, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. Macpherson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Macpherson, and Margaret Alexia, widow of Andre Berchier and daughter of Mrs. J. Walton, of Folkestone.



MISS ALICE BEST

The eldest daughter of the Hon. James and Mrs. Best, Melplash, Dorset, who is engaged to Mr. C. W. Dilke, the youngest son of Sir Fisher and Lady Dilke, of Lepe Point, Exbury, Southampton



MR. AND MRS. J. H. BONHAM-CARTER

After their recent marriage at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Bonham-Carter, Royal Engineers, and Mrs. Bonham-Carter, and the bride was formerly Miss Maud Athill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. H. Athill

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Polo Notes—(Continued from page 592)

the 12th Lancers' 11, and the ball went over the 10th line ten times and over the 12th line sixteen. The unsuccessful shooting was due in no small measure, I think, to the divots: the ball was bumping badly at times and yet there was not a lot of missing. As to the winners' past successes, here is the full list:

England: 1888, 1893, 1937, 1939 (4). India: 1881, 1882, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1933, 1936 (10). In addition to this, the 10th were the runners-up twice in India, 1877 and 1878, and they are the only regiment that has ever won it six times straight off the reel (1907-1912 inclusive). There were at least two people at Hurlingham who had been in that crack team of those gay piping times of peace—Major-General John Vaughan and Colonel "Pedlar" Palmer. There may have been more (W. O. Gibbs and E. W. E. Palms are still to the fore, but "Pick" Annesley was killed in the War). In two of the 10th Hussars' early victories in 1881 and 1882, the runners up were the Rifle Brigade and the fact is interesting because the hardest nut the 10th had to crack during their triumphal march past referred to was the 2nd R.B. in 1911. It was a dead heat on time. The 3rd R.B. (1900) and the Durhams (1896, 1897 and 1898) are the only infantry regiments that have ever won it in India and none have won it in England. The Durhams' famous founder, General Sir Belvoir De Lisle, refereed this year's Inter-Regimental, and I hope and believe that he approved of the performance.

There were naturally swarms of 10th past and present there, for there was a scent of victory in the air some days before the encounter: prominent amongst them was Colonel Sir Mathew Wilson and his always popular wife. Army G.H.Q. has never been so pleasant a place as it was when "Scatters" was Military Secretary. Lord Airlie, another ex-10th Hussar, was there, and I heard that General Kavanagh

was also, but there was such a squash no one could see anything but the game, which, after all, was the only thing we had come to see.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester gave away the cup, a most appropriate termination to hostilities, as H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

* * *

The Championship Cup first tie which followed the Inter-Regimental gives me cause to put dust upon my head, because before this season's operations had started at all, I said that good little team as Adsdean was, it would not get very far in the championship, so long as the Optimists were alive. The first time they met them they beat them 8 to 7 and what is even better, were galloping on at the finish. Adsdean were a much better side, and Major P. W. Dollar (4th Hussars) seems to have fitted in admirably at No. 2. The Optimists are not the original side. Three men never can play four men, and it is even more impossible when the four men are a team. It is also true that the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link. On handicap, the Optimists were a two-goal stronger side than Adsdean (23 to 21) but they were nothing like as good a combination nor as well commanded. The real verdict, in my opinion, was a knock-out, for the winners had the Optimists on the wrong leg and had them well in hand. They would have won further the farther they went. The captain of Adsdean said that every one in his side played well, bar himself. He was very solitary in that opinion. According to some shrewd observers, he never put a foot wrong. Trying to tip the championship winner is a bit futile since this has to be written a bit too much ahead but I think Somerby Horse and the Jaguars look the two most dangerous sides.

In their next encounter, the result of which arrives just as the last word on this paper is blotted, Adsdean got beaten 5 to 4 by the team called The Ghosts, but only after a rousing fight.



DIANA GOULD APPEARING AT THE MOUNT VERNON HOSPITAL GALA

Diana Gould, the young and very charming ballerina, is the principal soloist in the new ballet *Russki-Plasski*, which is being presented by Lydia Sokolova with a corps du ballet of 300, at the special gala at the Albert Hall on July 5. It is in aid of the Radium Institute and Mount Vernon Hospital for Cancer



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One of our people took the car over and delivered it, making an opportunity to have a look at the World's Fair, which he had to do from an aeroplane, as it was not then open.

It just proves that other capital cities of the world besides London have an interest in our special cars; call in and see them at Hanover Square, we have the largest selection of Rolls-Royce and Bentley in the world.

Where shall I get my UNIFORM?

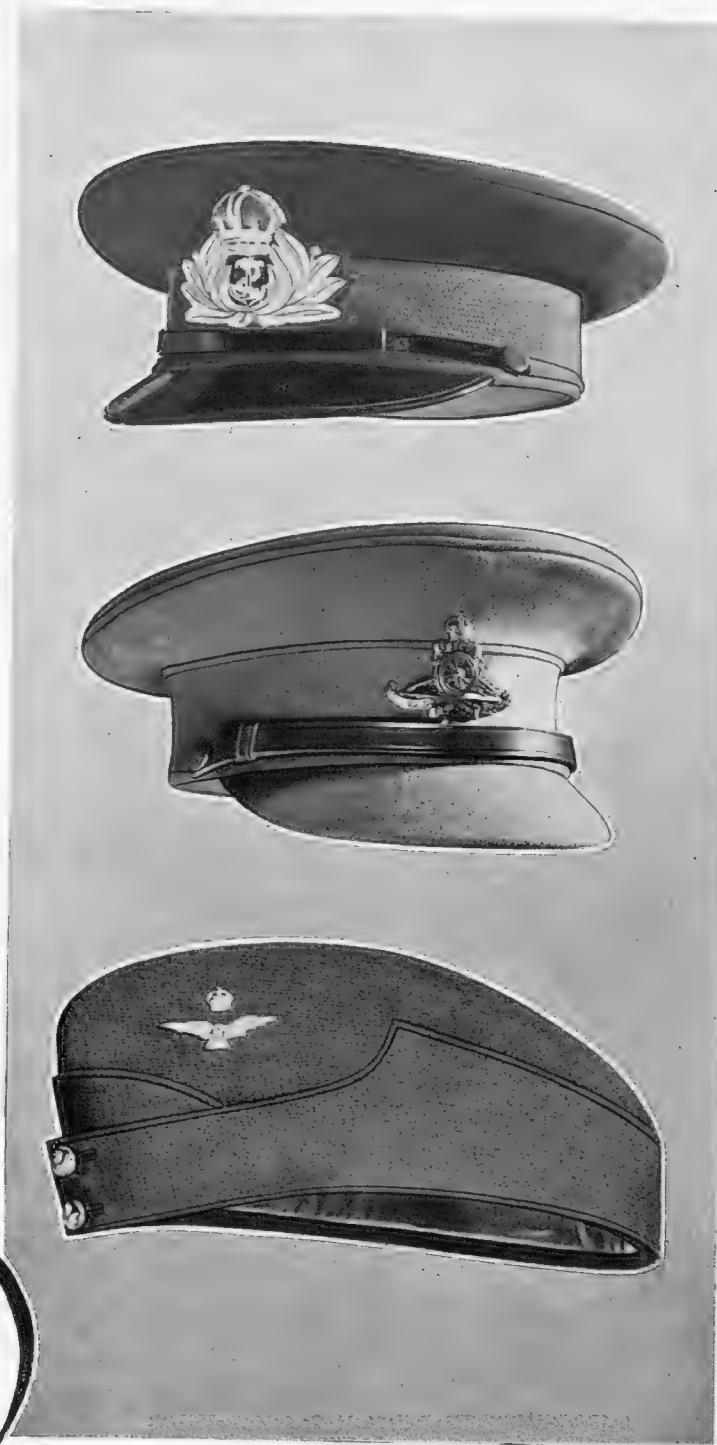
IT is a problem, isn't it?

A favourite nightmare of the newly commissioned officer is that he appears on parade incorrectly dressed. The only real safeguard against such a happening is an outfitter where the assistants have been brought up in the intricacies of Service Wear.

It seems not altogether foolish to suggest that before choosing your military outfitter, enquiries should be made regarding his right to the title "Military." It is only earned after years of experience.

Long before the Great War we had become almost a tradition in the Navy and Army ; small wonder that on the inception of the R.F.C. (now R.A.F.) many of the officers, recruited from the Senior Services, came to us for their uniforms. We have surely earned the right to be regarded as Naval, Military and R.A.F. Outfitters.

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Their success lies in the artistic skill of their

arrangement, and nowhere is this better understood than in the salons of Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly.

The charm of the black stiffened-organdie shady hat on this page is greatly increased by

the veil strewn with large chenille spots. Quite a small hat of ciré straw has a curled

ostrich feather in front with a smart veil which might be styled a "complexion" at the back; it is

draped to suggest a waterfall. There are velvet hats of the Cavalier character. A lovely affair of lime green has flowers nestling beneath the brim on one side, while a burnt amber veil occupies a prominent rôle. Again there are simple felts trimmed with flowers. It is in the colour schemes that their indelible cachet lies. Straw hats that are different and flattering are well represented, nevertheless it is the velvet hats which are the true harbingers of autumn

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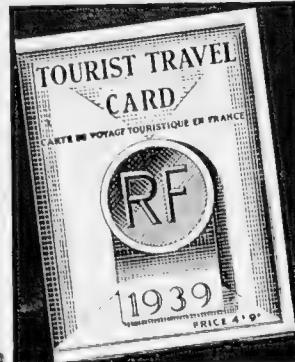
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COURTS

MANY lovely dresses have been designed and carried out by Debenham & Freebody of Wigmore Street for their Majesties' Courts which have been arranged to take place on the twelfth and thirteenth of July. None is more graceful than the one portrayed on this page; it is correct in every detail. The material is silk net of a pale blush rose shade massed with miniature pleated frills. The Court train consists of two panels treated in the same manner, on which rest sprays of roses. The accepted feathers and veil complete the scheme. Many of the brocade dresses are accompanied by velvet trains of the same shade as the most important colour in the brocade. For the débutante there are dresses of embroidered net and lace; they are cut on slimming lines and endowed with an attractive air of youth in their soft silhouettes





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ANOTHER debt of gratitude is due to Elizabeth Arden, as she has successfully insisted that beauty originates from within, and that healthy minds and bodies are essential for lovely figures and complexions. Her dietician, in conjunction with Quaglino's, has created Aerodynamique Streamline menus for lunch, dinner or supper

THE mistaken idea still prevails that one has to starve to be thin, but scientifically designed meals prove that it is not necessary. Those who may not be able to come to town to enjoy these delicious meals, with the Traffic Lights cocktail and other soft drinks, should write to Elizabeth Arden's dietician at 25 Old Bond Street

IT is well to pause and remember just what Elizabeth Arden has achieved for women. She has exercise salons in many centres in Europe, including London (England), and all over the United States. In 1934 she opened Maine Chance as a health farm—a beautiful 350-acre estate where clients come from all over the world

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Lawn Tennis (Continued from page 596)

tournament had been published they would scratch in the singles, making the Monday's results a mockery and a reproach.

Again, Wallis Myers will be missed for the way that he arranged the International Club's annual dinner on the eve of Wimbledon. Only a few days ago I received my card of invitation with my name in his own handwriting. I should have been very proud to have been his guest, but of course now the dinner has been cancelled. It would have been too painful for his friends to see the empty chair. I wonder, had the dinner been held, what other seats would have been empty, too. The one that had been occupied so often in the past by Gottfried von Cramm? That I shall never know, but I should like to think that on his return to this country, after all that he has been through, that Wallis intended to extend to him his hand in welcome and friendship, as in the days of yore. Certainly on several occasions, Wallis spoke to me in terms of sympathy and dismay over the untimely break in the other's tennis career, and I cannot believe that he approved of his absence from the centre court this year.

If the German has his entry accepted, and rightly so, for the London Championships at Queen's, then why not for Wimbledon, too? It is nonsense to suggest that because he has not been nominated on this occasion by the L.T.A. of his own country that his entry would not have been in order. Why, in the past, I could give you the names of dozens of players who entered and were accepted for Wimbledon, on their own merits as players, without any official backing from their own country. However, this controversy is still in its infancy, and there will be plenty of time for me to return to it again in subsequent articles.

What I must do now is to comment, before in the heat and excitement of Wimbledon itself the preliminary manœuvrings are forgotten, on the extraordinary omissions from the accepted entries for Wimbledon, among our own players. Two names stand out as glaring examples of the blind eye of the committee. First, the Hon. C. N. O. Ritchie, who should never have been asked to qualify, for he possesses a power of stroke allied to a classical beauty of style that is sufficiently rare to forbid his own rare appearances in tournaments to serve as an excuse and explanation for the absence of his name in the first list of accepted entries. It happens that his work does not allow him to play in many tournaments early in the season, and in consequence on the few occasions when he did appear, he was badly out of practice, but surely, someone who has served his apprenticeship in the game, and shown his worth on so many previous occasions deserves that his past reputation should be taken into consideration when his name is being judged. Again, among the ladies, what about the absence of Miss Mona Riddell's name? Last year, the committee dropped a humiliating brick by dropping Miss Southwell, who had defeated no less than twelve Wimbledon players that season, and now this year, Miss Riddell is made a victim of official stupidity. For, look up her record and you will find that a couple of years ago, she reached the semi-final of the Ladies' Plate at Wimbledon, that last year she defeated Valerie Scott in an open tournament, and this year waged a victorious marathon at Hurlingham with Miss Ford that was, the Derbyshire champion, and no mean opponent. In addition, she has proved on countless occasions that she is the best lady player that Somerset has produced in the last decade.

Well, I suppose the only consolation is that there will each year be some such victims of official blindness, and one can only hope that the same players won't have to suffer two years running. In any case, by the time these words appear, how many of those, who were so thrilled to read that their entries had been accepted for the greatest tournament of all, will be already relegated to the rôle of spectators? What matter . . . they have had the seal set upon their reputation as players . . . and now they can sit back in the spectators' stand . . . and criticize the others. . . . They can relax from their strict training . . . and enjoy all the parties that are going on through this glamorous, unique fortnight. Parties like the one that Susan Noel always gives to welcome her friends from overseas, parties out of town, on the river, at Datchet, at Egham, at Great Fosters, where as an antidote to tennis you can try your hand at archery, or bathe in a floodlit, Mediterranean-warm pool, or finally, at Bray, where at the "Hind Head," you will find an international host—there were twenty Poles having the night of their life when I called in recently—in the person of Barry Neame, who is famous for his cellar and his charming courtesy to all-comers. But take a chauffeur with you, if possible . . . whether you are down on the two o'clock list at Wimbledon the next afternoon, or not. Don't say I didn't warn you . . . and encourage you, too, to meet Mine Host who is such a unique personality.

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For the first time in fifty years, Soho Square, most historic of West End squares, is open to the public in aid of a great voluntary hospital, the Soho Hospital for Women. For five days and nights July 4-8, the beautiful private gardens of this centre of London bohemian life will provide a vivid scene. Open air entertainment in continental style, an Old English Fair, world-famous bands, dancing, exhibits of Soho's associations with the arts, competitions and a Bargain Boulevard are among features. Admission 11 a.m. to noon, 5/-; noon to 11 p.m., 1/-.

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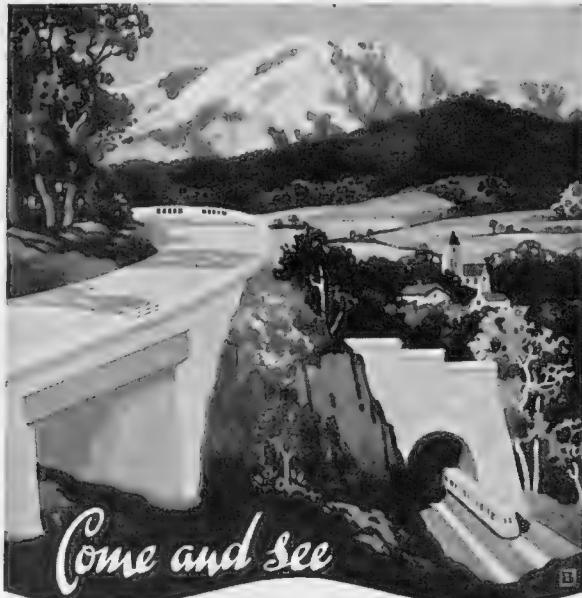
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ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The illustrated record of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 1939, which has been published by our colleague, the *Sphere*, is an entirely creditable production, and introduces us to so many of the old friends we have seen and loved in this amusing and eternal series. On the cover there are two very old and valued cronies; a lady, the first and the last syllables of whose name mean the same thing, "cat," Katisha, and that shameless humbug, Koko and they appear in one of H. M. Brock's marvellous sketches, and give us the right kind of send-off to this admirable publication. As every one knows, the company is having a seven weeks' season at Sadler's Wells, which they will conclude on July 15. There are eight pages in colour in this record, as also pictures in gravure specially taken by the *Sphere*. It is impossible to turn over any page without meeting some excellent reproduction of a scene with which we are all familiar. We meet Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., the First Lord; we shake hands with the Pirate King; there are the Gondoliers *en bloc*, also those who play a part in *The Yeomen of the Guard*; the gallant tar in *Ruddigore*, and the clever magician in *The Sorcerer*. It is an entirely creditable record to all concerned, and at 3s. 6d. is well worth the money of any one who is a devotee of Gilbert and Sullivan. Copies can be obtained from the Publisher, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, post free 3s. 10d.

* * *

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1., write: Suffering great pain and half-crippled with rheumatoid arthritis, a poor widowed woman of seventy-six, living in Surrey, has nothing but her old age pension. Her husband was a commercial traveller and died twenty years ago, since when she has struggled along bravely against poverty and ill-health. It is essential for her to have treatment and medicines to arrest her disease and we want to promise her 3s. 6d. weekly to make these things possible for her and to relieve her mind a little from the terror of extreme poverty. £13 would safeguard her for one year. Please help.

* * *

A golfing fixture which every golfer ought to put down in his and her engagement book is the Children's Country Holiday Fund due to be held at Moor Park on Monday, July 10. Entries for this tournament, which now reaches its fourth anniversary, only costs 10s. 6d., including all events, and green fees should be sent to the Countess of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, W.2, and those who cannot play in the tournament are not debarred from sending a donation however small. Every £1 the Children's Country Holiday Fund can collect sends one little London child into the country for a whole fortnight—a small price to pay for so much joy. As to the programme there is a medal round for ladies only, the principal prizes being the Brassey Cup for the best scratch score and the Dewar Cup for the best net return. Competitors are to be divided into three divisions on handicap 1 to 9, 10 to 18 and 19 to 36, and two prizes will be awarded in each division. There are also men's, women's and mixed foursome flag competitions under handicap for which numerous prizes are allotted.

Her Majesty the Queen, the patroness of the Fund; Lady Brecknock, the chairman; Mrs. J. Leonard and Mrs. Mills, vice-chairmen; and the committee are: Miss Barnes Gorell, Mrs. Wilfrid Bennett, Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, the Hon. Roland Cubitt, Mrs. De Paula, Mrs. John Dewar, Miss Kathleen Garnham, the Viscountess Knollys, Sir Eric Mieville, Count Paul Münster, Miss Dorothy Pearson, the Lady Penrhyn, Miss Schreiber, Mrs. Nigel Seely, Captain Eric Stocks, Mr. Harold Warrender and Miss Enid Wilson.



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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

At the recent meeting of our executive the audited balance sheet of our late show was submitted. It shows a balance on the right side. This is a great achievement this year, when so many shows have shown a deficit, and reflects the greatest credit on our chairman, Lady Burton, the chairman of our show committee, Mrs. Nagle, and our secretary, Mrs. Pye; not to mention Mr. Pye, whose advice and

favourite. He is exceedingly handsome and has a disposition in keeping with his appearance, being intelligent and affectionate and very good with children. He is also a hardy dog and long lived. Miss Hastings owns one of the foremost kennels of Keeshonds, which she has built up by careful breeding. She has bred five champions, including the well-known Fürstin, Halunke and Hagedorn of Evenlode; Hagedorn

has taken fifteen challenge certificates, a record for the breed, and Halunke is now in America and is an international champion. At Bath Show the two champions and the reserve champions were bred by Miss Hastings, three being out of the same litter. There are a few puppies for sale, of the very highest breeding. Miss Hastings's dogs are uniformly sound and put down in perfect condition. She also, in partnership with Miss Cousins, has a boarding kennel at Henley, where pupils are taken. It is a delightful place, and pupils are thoroughly well taught. The photograph is of the latest champion, Ludwig.



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assistance are invaluable. It also shows how right we were to cut down the classification drastically. It is an unfortunate necessity, but is the only way in which shows could be maintained in these hard times. Gone are the good old days when classes could be given regardless of their being filled. Exhibitors and shows are interdependent, one cannot exist without the other, and all must pull together till better times come. Our show has shown this is possible.

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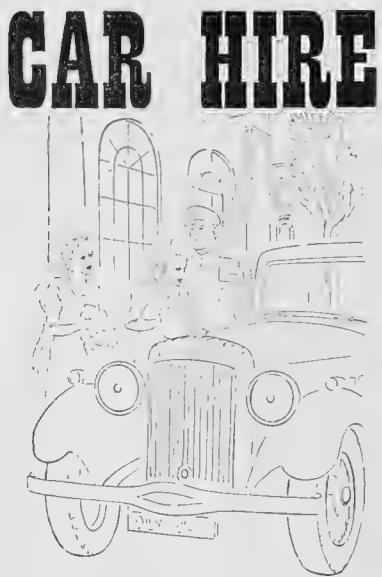
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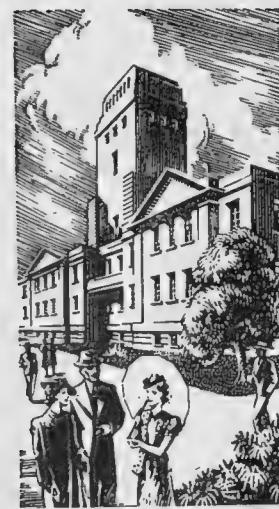


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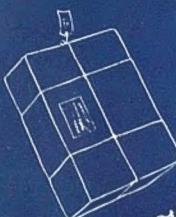
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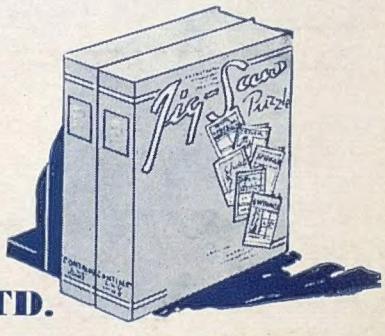
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